JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 81. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1907. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

No. 037029

For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 81. Saturday, December 21st, 1907. One Penny.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Our next issue, containing many Special Features, will be on Sale Everywhere on Monday next, December 23rd.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We venture to warn those optimistic people who imagine that the Government is really going to establish Old Age Pensions next year. They will be grievously disappointed We know our Asquith, and, reading between the lines of his recent speeches, it is plain that we are to have simply a slight extension of that "commencement of a nucleus" of which we heard so much, and saw so little, last Session. The Government has only to stir up the hostility of the working men's clubs, further aggravate the licensed victuallers, alienate the catholics, and disappoint the old people—and hey presto! its majority is gone! We warn it that the coming Session will be its trial as well as its opportunity.

How flat the recess has been! There hasn't been one great speech—one real demonstration. But for the Suffragettes there would have been absolutely no feature of the "Autumn Campaign." The anti-Lords agitation has fizzled out like a penny nightlight. There was never any reality in it. The scheme of the Government is too wonderful for the man in the street. It isn't war—and it certainly isn't magnificent. Meantime, the Peers remain undisturbed—secure in the knowledge, as our Labour friends put it, that they'll "take a d——d lot of abolishing." Indeed, they are moving up on their seats to make room for a new batch of recruits. Keep your eye on the New Year "Honours."

We observe that Mr. Sydney Buxton, when dealing with the enormous accession of Post Office revenue due to the Limerick craze, was careful to observe that "as Postmaster-General, it was not for him to express either approval or condemnation of Limericks." In the same way, we presume, Mr. Asquith, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be careful, in introducing the Licensing Bill, to refrain from expressing any opinion upon the drink evil. Whatever may be his private views on the subject, as Chief Collector to the Empire he must regard with absolute alarm the growing sobriety of the people—and who knows but that, after all, he is taking charge of the new Bill in the belief that when all is said and done it will, like all other prohibitive legislation, have the effect of increasing alcoholic consumption and thus improving his Budget prospects? Artful man!

In the meantime, he certainly did not lift what the Allsopp's Chairman has called "the everlasting fog of licensing legislation" in his reply to the teetotal deputation which waited upon him the other day on the subject of Sunday closing. We must wait for the Bill to see exactly what the Government are driving at. We note, however, the emphasis laid by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the suggestion of Sir Thomas Whitaker, in case of general Sunday closing, "to admit exceptions in particular localities." "This," he said, "is a suggestion well worthy of being taken into consideration." To us, however, Mr. Asquith's declaration is much like praying in one breath and cursing in another. The argument seems to run something like this. The evils of the opening of public-houses all over the country are so terrible that all of them should be closed; but public-house opening on Sundays may do so much good in some localities that they ought to remain open. This is either humbug or nonsense, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir Thomas Whitaker may take their choice of either alternative. What will happen if the proposal is sufficiently "worthy of being taken into consideration" to be embodied in the Government Bill? People will flock from the closed district to the open one, and the trade of one licensed victualler will be increased at the expense of another, or, to put it in the opposite way, damaged for the profit of another. But, as we have so often asked, if Sunday closing, why not Saturday and Monday closing? *They* are the drinking days. Altogether, the Government is getting on treacherous ground. We must come to their rescue.

There will naturally be considerable difference of opinion on the Army Council's Report on the case of Lieutenant Woods. That he has exaggerated or misinterpreted the causes of his failure to prosper as an officer of the Guards is possible; that the adverse reports, couched in terms of almost brutal frankness, and

suggesting antipathy, if not antagonism, to him, would have been made if he had possessed "the faculty of associating himself with the modes of thought and work of his brother officers," is improbable. His defects as a regimental officer, so severely judged, so zealously spied on, would probably have been glossed if he had entered into that side of his military duties which a fashionable regiment expects from young men training for the gory fields of war. On the other hand, the proceedings at the inquiry raised a suspicion that young Woods was by way of being a bookish prig.

Whether books can win Britain's battles, any more than drags and dancing, is a matter which must necessarily be left to the ripe judgment of the Guards and the other gods of war. What we don't like about the attitude of the young lieutenant's superior officers towards him is expressed by the answer of the witness who was asked, "Why did not you help him?" "Because," he replied, "I did not choose to." Possibly something might have been made of Lieutenant Woods if the Colonel and Major and Captains of his regiment had proffered that "helping hand" of which all of us at some time or other of our lives, in our mistakes as well as our follies, stand in need. But "they did not choose to," and so there is an end of Lieutenant Woods as a soldier. It is the old story. If a man will not make friends by wit or will while he has the chance, he will certainly be without them when he needs them most.

We are not very strong on Party in political affairs, and we certainly have no strong bias in matters municipal. But we cannot congratulate the "Moderate" majority upon its attitude towards that Audit. The Harmsworth and Pearson journals shrieked for an "independent examination" of the Council's accounts. We were told that the Progressives had "cooked, rigged, and faked" the accounts. One enterprising paper stigmatised the Progressives as the British equivalent of Tammany, and hinted that they were not poles apart from the boodlers of the old Metropolitan Board of Works. A statistical eccentrician named Schooling set out with the announcement that the Works Department were "bolstered up regardless of pure administration and sound finance"—to decipher the cipher, that the Progressives were not only incompetent, but corrupt. The Moderates have now obtained their "independent report" on their own terms of reference. And they don't like it. And because they don't like it, they don't propose to officially record it, which isn't cricket. And which, also, is absurd.

Society trooped into the court of the only Darling last Tuesday, joyous with the hope of piquant scandal, only to troop out again in disappointment. The drama promised the disclosure of many things dear to the brilliant function of tea and cake in Belgravian drawing-rooms. The "villain" of the piece was the Honourable J. Yarde-Buller, son and heir of Lord Churton; the wronged heroine, the lovely Mrs. Atherton, the divorced wife of Colonel Atherton, who had made the "Honourable" Yarde-Buller aforesaid co-respondent in his suit. Though the Honourable Yarde-Buller had promised to marry Mrs. Atherton when she was free, he had in fact married Miss Denise Orme. As this was Mrs. Atherton's action for breach of promise, it appeared to society that Mrs. Atherton and the Honourable Yarde-Buller would fight the feud of morals through all the phases of examination, cross-examination, and re-examination, and that in due course would be revealed all the sidelights on the love, courtship, and secret marriage of the Honourable Yarde-Buller with the young actress without whose portrait no picture postcard collection would be complete. But the Honourable Yarde-Buller denied nothing, except in the pleadings, his counsel admitted everything, and after the "promise" love letters, with their "Dearest Girlie Angel" and "Yours for ever" had been duly read, the play petered out, and society went home unjoyed and unsatisfied. Even brother Darling had not an opportunity to make a single joke. Altogether, it was a wasted morning, which might more profitably have been spent in bed over a French novel.

The extensive military preparations which the Natal Government had in train against the Zulus have been spoiled as a spectacle by the peaceful surrender of Dinizulu and fifty of his followers to the civil magistrate of his district. Hearing that he was wanted for something or other, he appears to have walked across to the magistrate at eleven o'clock at night, saying, "Lo, here am I," or words to that effect. He is now to be put on trial. The indictment is at the moment invisible. Therefore, it is hard to say what the coloured gentleman has done, or what he hasn't; but, in the true spirit of manly and healthful sport, as understood in South Africa, we don't mind hazarding a fiver to a hard-boiled egg that he will be convicted. Any takers?

As a prancing patriot in one of the Jingo journals puts it, "this generation or the next will have to deal with the problem of the political and social status of the coloured man in South Africa." We take it that he loves the yellow man, but he abhors the black man. Ah Sin is a gentleman of unutterable virtues, especially when locked up in Transvaal compounds, and whacked with whips to keep him in order; Sambo is a creature so repulsive and villainous that it was at the least an oversight on the part of the Almighty to create him. Therefore we must inquire into his social and political status, and as before the inquiry we know he hasn't any social status, and that his political status is an insult to Providence and an outrage on the Union Jack, it is obviously high time he was wiped off the face of the earth—by either bullet, plague, or sudden death. The deadly inevitability of the logic is apparent to the most fuddled intellect, while the Doric simplicity of the Christian ethics will be appreciated by bishops, curates, and all congregations committed to their charge. In fact, Q.E.D.

An enterprising Excise officer, bent on promotion, has recently been distinguishing himself by the discovery that under one of the sections of the Hawkers' Act (known in legal parlance as 51 and 52 Vic., cap. 33), any person is a "hawker" who "travels by any means of locomotion to any place in which he *does not usually reside or carry on business*, and there sells or exposes for sale any goods, wares, or merchandise in or at any house, shop, room, booth, stall *or other place* whatever, hired or used by him for that purpose." Consequently, it is obvious that upon the strict reading of this section any firm sending its goods to an exhibition for sale is not only to be branded as a "hawker" in law, but is bound to take out a hawker's licence. And the irony of the thing becomes more apparent when it is remembered that by another Act it is provided that before any person may obtain such licence he must obtain from the police a certificate of good character. The Act further provides, by the way, for the infliction of heavy penalties upon persons acting as hawkers without being licensed.

We can understand that the sudden demand for the production of their hawkers' licences will cause consternation in the ranks of the exhibitors at Olympia, the Royal Agricultural Hall, Earl's Court, and other centres. In the meantime the exhibitors at the Poultry Show recently held at the Crystal Palace have had a first taste of the new Revenue regulation, and many of them, we understand, rather than fight the officials, have taken out licences and also compounded their penalties. The position thus created is an interesting one. Not only are most commercial travellers "hawkers" in the eye of the law, but every tradesman

sending goods to a customer's house on approval, and there exposing them for sale, would clearly come within the section; and we presume that in order to avoid penalties it would be necessary to have the words "licensed hawker" written or painted upon the room in which the goods were exposed for sale. We commend the matter to the attention of the various Chambers of Commerce, and, incidentally, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who should reap a rich harvest for his forthcoming Budget.

The decision of the London County Council not to apply the Provision of Meals (Children's) Act is to be taken, we presume, as an example of the new economy. Nobody objects to the Moderates saving in directions where saving is to the advantage of the community. But a wise thrift is one thing and an unwise thrift is another. In treating the Children's Meals Act as if it had never been, the L.C.C. are doing almost irreparable harm to vast numbers of school children whom Parliament has placed in their charge. Every morning hundreds on hundreds of poor children are sent to school with little breakfast or none, on account of the poverty of their parents. To say that these children are in a fit condition to receive instruction is equivalent to saying that a navvy is fit to commence his day's work on an empty stomach. The children in Council schools are a national trust. That the poorest among them should be handicapped as little as possible in their preparation for the hard battle of life, Parliament has authorised the imposition of a halfpenny rate for the provision of free meals. The Moderate majority on the L.C.C. have resolved to save the halfpenny and starve the child. This is bad, and even cruel, economy. Just as a hungry man cannot work, so a hungry child cannot learn, and if the effect of the voluntary Meal's Act is to force hungry children into school and compel them to learn in competition with well-fed scholars, it is high time the Act were made compulsory. Children are the assets of a nation. Neither the L.C.C. nor any other local body should be allowed to imperil them.

The employment of soldiers still serving, as clerks inside the War Office, is about to come to an end, and not before its time; for the system was a scandal. Some months ago certain folk took the matter in hand, and at considerable risk to their own positions, pioneered an agitation which has now brought about a welcome result. An order is about to be issued to the effect that none but ex-soldiers are to be selected as clerks at the huge building in Whitehall, and the 180 or 200 men now employed there with colour service to do are to be returned to their regiments as opportunity offers, which is as it should be.

We regret the decision of the L.C.C. to part with some of their river craft; but circumstances, combined with bad weather and railway interests, have proved too strong. It will puzzle provincials, who use a river service in all kinds of weather, to understand how Londoners prefer to be "straphangers" and "rackhangers" when they can have room and fresh air, and comfortable quarters below deck. A London river service paid well up to the time of the "Princess Alice" disaster, and we still think it possible, under proper management, to keep the Thames open as a highway for passenger traffic. With piers and landings all in order, and an efficient equipment, a company may now step in and reap the harvest.

Some few of our readers apparently imagine that we exaggerate the dangers attendant on a policy of mere passive resistance by the moderate-drinking majority to the menace of the teetotal minority. To such persons we commend the details of recent American elections. By an actual minority of the citizens entitled to vote, although by a majority of the citizens voting, Prohibition has just made a notable advance throughout the Southern States. What used to be liberty-loving Kentucky has been practically swept of its facilities for liquid refreshment by the extremist fanatics, aided and abetted by the careless moderate-drinkers who did not go to the poll.

In only five counties out of the 96 making up the State of Tennessee can a man now get a drink without producing his birth certificate, his marriage lines, and a doctor's prescription calling his whisky a tonic—and drinking it in a chemist's shop. Sixty-two counties of North Carolina out of 97, and 41 out of 67 in Alabama are what is so accurately described as "dry." In fact, the active minority has deprived the inactive majority of the right to take a wee drappie when it likes in 981 counties of the Southern States. Freedom still flaps her star-spangled wings, and signifies the same in the usual manner in only 275 counties. We are not surprised that Chicago should go "dry" in half its districts—"Hell with the lid off" is capable of anything; but that the genial, gentlemanly South should allow ranting coercionists to dragoon it on to iced water and stone-ginger is lamentable and astounding.

Let us not flatter ourselves that the same thing is impossible over here. Our "Local Optionists" are really Prohibitionists, only they are making haste slowly and disguising their real intention, which is to make alcoholic consolation a crime. We hold no brief for the publicans and sinners of the Licensed trade; but we do for popular liberty and reasonable enjoyment. Here, as in the United States, some of the hardest employers of labour in the country are behind this total-abstinence-as-by-law-established crusade. In America they find that if you refuse to let a workman spend his leisure in his own way, he tends to lose his relish of recreation altogether. Consequently, he is prepared to work all the hours that Providence sends him—in the hope of getting ahead of the next fellow. This phase of the teetotal movement is admitted frankly among themselves by Yankee labour exploiters—and it is about "the limit." Pity 'tis that many workmen do not seem to see the drift.

A gentleman who has been lecturing to the "Young Merchants' Union" in Berlin on the present position of women in England, has inspired the German editors to rise as one man and thank heaven that the lot of the German *frau* is so much more ecstatic than that of her British sister. In England, it seems, the wife is often no better than a housekeeper or manageress, and Herr Lindenstead, the lecturer, suggests that she had better improve her own position in the family before she strives for the rights of man. No doubt it is true that many Englishmen marry not so much because they need a wife, as because they want somebody to do the washing, and excel in the cheaper cookery. But this is also true of many Germans, who likewise go forth by day to earn their living, and by night to drink their beer, leaving their housekeeping, step-washing, oven-catering wives at home to enjoy themselves as best they can. In all European countries, with certain people, the pre-nuptial angel and ideal becomes the post-nuptial washer-woman. But love brings joy to labour, so it may well be that many a good wife revels in a day's washing quite as much as her husband enjoys a few hundred up at billiards.

Now that the *Lancet* appears to have exhausted all the possibilities of the microbe in its relation to the human subject, the *Medical Press* has apparently taken over the copyright in its weekly scare, and made quite a nice comprehensive job of it. It warns us against the newspaper coverings often used by tradesmen to wrap up butter, cheese, bacon, fish, and other articles of food," and adds that "it is simply appalling to reflect on the myriads of microbes that must be adherent to"

—and so forth and so forth. Far be it from us to attempt to estimate the number or distinguish the species and varieties of appalling microbes lurking in the folds of our medicinal contemporary. Our one desire is to point out that there are no microbes on JOHN BULL. This journal is a prophylactic against microbes. Carry it about with you, read it in tram, train, or 'bus, take it with you into the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, or bathroom, and microbes will flee away from you like rats before a ferret. As a remedy for—but no matter. The price is one penny only at all respectable dealers; though some who are not respectable have charged as much as twopence on the ground that it is worth double its price.

Apparently one of the medical papers thinks it makes an epochal revelation in announcing that its analysis of sixteen patent medicines shows the actual cost of the lot to be not more than 2s. 2d., though the charge to the purchaser is £4 3s. 6d. But, really, if the value to the patient of physic in general is to be estimated by what its ingredients cost at the drysalters, we shall all have to review our opinion of Harley Street and Cavendish Square. The value of a Harley Street prescription, reckoned simply as dry goods, would probably be overstated at the sum of a penny. What is called a quack medicine is often a physician's prescription for somebody turned to commercial profit, though sold for considerably less than the physician who originally bethought him of it charged the patient for whose ailment it was prescribed. In cases where it chances to touch the spot, it is neither better nor worse for bearing a Government stamp and being pilloried as a quack mixture. Moreover, it is often open to the patent-medicine man to retort on the average medical practitioner, "You're another." Thousands of medical prescriptions sent out to-day are the formulæ of manufacturing chemists, who canvass doctors and take orders for them much as the ordinary commercial traveller takes orders for bales of cloth. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw bricks.

Talking of doctors, we note that Guy's Hospital has added another victim to its record of thirty-eight in seven years. In the latest case, as in all the others, the anæsthetist was, of course, a gentleman of skill, and the patient died either through mere stupidity or the mysterious workings of an uncontrollable Providence. However, a sub-committee of the Medical Committee of Guy's has now been specially appointed to deal with the whole subject of anæsthetics as administered in that hospital, with power to "make any suggestions and recommendations which may be necessary." Undoubtedly, accidents will happen. In the great majority of cases treated in hospital a slight excess of the anæsthetic administered during an operation may still be within the limit of safety. In other words, the constitution of the patient will carry even unskilfulness and blundering through successfully. In other cases, however, clumsiness has no such luck. It is feared that in general operating work in hospital, the indispensable preliminary of careful examination of the patient is of an inadequate and even perfunctory character. On the other hand, it may well be that the vital necessity of the operation being done on the instant makes adequate examination difficult, if not impossible. Or the surgeon may find something more than he expected, and may hard press the anæsthetist up to the highest limits of risk. Still, all may seemingly be going right. Then, suddenly, the patient goes off—and all is over. In these matters it is just as well to be fair. Even an anæsthetist can do but his best. The best of the mere "qualified medical man," however, may be very bad. The best of the specialist it would be ungrateful to censure. The hospitals should employ anæsthetic specialists, and none other.

If there should happen to be any ladies or gentlemen among our readers desirous of committing murder, we beg that they will give every consideration to the remarkable appeal of the Postmaster-General in opening the new post office at Boston. Apropos the pressure sometimes put on the staff, he ventured to suggest that murderers and others should either select less prominent victims for their attentions, carry out their plans in a less sensational way, or give the Post Office a few hours' previous notice of their intentions. This seems reasonable, but we think that if the Postmaster-General printed a few forms, "to be had on application at any Post Office," the carrying out of his wishes would be greatly facilitated. The following form is offered as a suggestion:—

MURDERER'S NOTICE.

To the Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, H.M. Postmaster-General.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I *(A.B.)*, the undersigned, of *(Here write address plainly)*, intend and purpose to kill and slay *(Here write name of prospective deceased)* with hammer, poker, tongs, shovel, crowbar, jemmy, knife, razor, dagger, bread-knife, gun, revolver, or dynamite, in such manner as opportunity may provide, suggest, or determine, on *(State day)* the *(State date of month)* of *(State month)*, at *(State time a.m. or p.m.)*, without further notice or intimation whatsoever, and this shall be your sole and sufficient warrant and authority for making all telegraphic preparations for the same.

Dated..... 19 *(Signed)* .....

This notice should be printed on crimson paper, and inscribed at the back, "On His Majesty's Service," so as to relieve intending murderers from all expense in the matter.

Step by step, the old constitutional open trial is being abolished. It has long been the custom in special circumstances to keep secret the names and addresses of witnesses, but we have within the last few months had unnamed prosecutors in blackmailing cases, a prisoner whose identity the authorities conspired together to keep secret, and now, in the recent case of Varennes v. Mella, we had an arrangement on the part of counsel to keep from the public the full description of the defendant and the maiden name of the lady he married. How would it be, by way of a change, to omit the names of counsel?

One does not look to the Socialist Press as a rule for humour, but there is certainly some to be found in an article by "J. F. M." in last week's issue of one of our red contemporaries, dealing with the vagaries of the correspondence department of a newspaper. For example, we like the quoted letter of that delightful wit who wrote to the Socialist Editor:—

> "After a series of elaborate researches, beginning with Esoteric Etruria and ending with Politics amongst the Pelasgians, I am now desirous of making a profound study of the Socialist and Labour movement. My qualifications for the task may be seen from the fact that I am an M.M.A. and a B.B.D. I should therefore take it as a personal favour if you would enable me to make a beginning by explaining to me the difference between the I.L.P., the S.D.F., the L.R.C., and the W.P.B."

And here is another inquirer at the fount of undiluted truth:—

> "I have recently heard an extraordinary statement with reference to Keir Hardie. It is alleged that he was once offered a dukedom. *Can this be true?*"

And again, we must find space for the following:—

> "Who was the first Socialist?—A Constant Reader.
> P.S.—Please also state who converted him."

We take it that the answers are *(a)* the Ichthyosaur; *(b)* the Labyrinthidon.

We have a great deal of sympathy with the object of the deputation which waited on Mr. Herbert Samuel at the Home Office the other day to urge legislation designed to abolish the juvenile cigarette. Beyond question smoking is physically harmful to the small boy.

Beyond question, too, our boys no sooner crawl out of the cradle than they walk into the tobacco shops and come out with a Flor De Five-a-Penny. One of the special spectacles of the British Sunday is that of the thirteen-year-old in the throes of the grand passion, with a girl hanging on one arm, a walking-stick under the other, and a cigarette in his mouth. But, after all, the best legislation is the paternal slipper; but the small boy, like Dickens's "J. B.," is "tough and devilish sly," and it is not easy to catch him red-handed. The only effective course, therefore, is to dry up the sources of supply at the shops, and give the policeman on the beat powers of confiscation. Only boys fit for the lunatic asylum would possess themselves of cigarettes and tobacco to benefit a policeman.

No doubt Inspector Kane's statement that he had never in his life cautioned a prisoner that what he said would be used in evidence against him, came somewhat as a surprise to those who were in court on the hearing of the charge against the ex-butler who demanded £10,000 from Mr. Cory-Wright as an alternative to having his brains blown out in bed. "I tell the prisoner who I am and what I charge him with," said Mr. Kane, "and then I keep my mouth shut"; leaving the prisoner, no doubt, to talk as much as he's inclined to, and damn himself if he's a mind to. However Mr. Kane may be justified in this procedure in law, he is certainly violating the well-known rule commonly acted upon by other officers. The reason for the general practice is obvious. A prisoner is not always the best judge of his own guilt or innocence in law, and if he is not warned he may make foolish statements easily interpreted as damaging admissions. The law is the judge of his offence, and the British theory of justice is that he should be warned against convicting himself. But, of course, the general idea that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty is a fallacy. When he appears in the dock he has to show cause why he should not be there, and if he cannot do so the chances are that he will go down, whether guilty or not.

Oh, these girls! A woman gossip in one of the weeklies says she wishes somebody would invent a game which could be played in the twilight. Now—well, the fact is—but no; we decline to be embarrassed. "Sliding up and down our stairs," however, is said to be one favourite entertainment among the Smart Set; and "hunt-the-slipper" another. In "hunt-the-slipper" you all enter the room in slippers with the incandescent glimmering from the bye-pass. Then you throw your slippers under the furniture, and scramble for them at a given signal. The competitor who first finds the right slipper and puts it on the right foot gets a prize, and is out of the game; the others keep on trying. For the long winter evenings this entertainment promises even more excitement than ping-pong. It is a kind of drawing-room diabolo.

"A lady of title" advertises in a Worcestershire paper that she "wishes to hear from a respectable, clever Christian Scientist who would use his best endeavours by prayers, etc., to obtain for her the restoration of some front teeth, long since departed; handsome emoluments if successful." This appears to be a splendid opportunity for a scientist, if not for a Christian. All he has to do is to find her ladyship's teeth; then he can put them back and hold his hand out for the emoluments. We gather, however, that her ladyship does not know their present whereabouts. Perhaps she has placed them in her jewel case, or dropped them somewhere in the garden. In any event, the scientist should search the jewel-case and dig up the garden. If not successful he might try the coal cellar and the stock-pot. We assume board and lodging will be free until he is through with the operations.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 469.

For stating that "the Vicar is slowly improving; his condition is still the same,"

THE *DORSET AND SOMERSET STANDARD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 470.

For stating that "of the 145 who went to The Cedars, 407 returned home cured or benefited, and eight went back to the General Hospital for further treatment,"

THE *NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 471.

For reporting that "the bride was married in her travelling costume, which consisted of a pretty ivory satin blouse, daintily trimmed with lace and chiffon,"

THE *GLAMORGAN GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 472.

For stating that "the encouragement of pauperism" was "an insidious microbe that should be nipped in the bud,"

MR. A. HAWES, Clerk to the Bakewell Board of Guardians,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 473.

For stating that "they always gave the benefit of the doubt to motorists" by reckoning thirty-four and four-fifths as thirty-three seconds when timing a car,

THE POLICE OF ST. HELENS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 474.

For saying that soldiers "until the middle of the present century were nearly all clean shaven,"

THE *MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 475.

For stating that "three blind men saw the light,"

THE *TRIBUNE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 476.

For announcing that the world's champion lady typist copied from a manuscript 5,619 words in one hour, "or an average of just over 932 words per minute,"

THE EDITOR OF *IDEAS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 477.

For stating that his son, aged about 14, could produce thirty or forty years' good character,

MR. WILLIAM MILLER (of Eastbourne)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 478.

For alluding to the "Lusitania" under the heading "balloon race result,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 479.

For referring to Trafalgar and Balaclava as "two great military achievements,"

THE *DAILY CHRONICLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 480.

For advertising a "garden artistically redecorated with lincrusta and picture rails,"

MR. WOOD, of Eastcheap,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 481.

For saying that Benjamin W. Smith "gave his evidence with both feet,"

THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—VII.

By Enquirer.

Merely a "Clerical Error."

Did the Lord commend the Unjust Steward?

Ask a clergyman this question, or, better than that, ask a hundred by way of making sure. A hundred is a good many, of course, and you might find it time-wasting, monotonous and unedifying. So let us try, instead, to forecast the result. After the prophecy, you can set about proving or disproving it, as you please, at your leisure.

Ninety-nine of these reverend gentlemen will answer "Yes," and hurry breathlessly on to explain why. Fancy a swarm of clergymen apologising for Our Lord's attitude towards injustice! But, copying the irritating method of a very cross-examining lawyer, we shall neither listen to them, nor let them—for the moment. A simple affirmative or a direct negative is all we want meantime. Now these ninety and nine prospective clerical victims of ours will neither have studied their Bibles correctly, nor will they have had the good fortune to read this week's issue of John Bull. (Let us hope, in passing, that before long every clergyman will make a point of studying both these masterpieces of literature with proper diligence.)

But here we meet with what looks like check, even checkmate, from the ninety-nine at whom we dare to cavil. One and all will give us, straight off the reel, chapter and verse for their answer, and in fairplay we must reproduce their quotation from the Authorised Version, running as follows:

(Luke xvi. 1 to 13 inclusive, but specially, at this juncture, the 8th verse.) "And the Lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

Let us now proceed to argue the matter, produce our proofs, and split the precise number of hairs our ministerial friends may deem necessary.

The "lord" referred to in the quotation is a parabolic lord, and a purely secular master at that, concerning whom Christ is speaking. The verse quoted, indeed, is simply a portion of the allegorical tale He is telling. The first seven words of verse 1 form an introduction, by Luke, the writer, to what he is about to record as being Christ's own words. Those seven words are—"And He said also unto His disciples," and at the eighth word Christ begins to speak—"There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him," etc. It may be noted here that inverted commas are not used in Scripture as quotation marks, but that a capital letter is used instead when the quotation begins, so that Christ's opening word "There" commences with a capital letter although in the middle of a verse and of a sentence, and preceded by a comma after the word "disciples." From the word "There," to the end of the 13th verse, Christ's speech is verbatim and uninterrupted, so that the 8th verse (in which the erroneous reflection upon Christ is supposed to shelter) is a literal record of His own words. Throughout the parable there are no fewer than four allusions to the rich man as "lord" (spelt with a small "l"), so why should the fourth use of the word be snatched away from the parabolic lord, and applied to *the* Lord?

And now having cleared up the gross and far too general misunderstanding about the matter (to our own satisfaction at least), let us venture on a little more prophesying. What will the learned but careless ninety-nine clergymen do about it, now that a layman dares to set them right on such a vital point as Our Lord's attitude to injustice? We are aware that it is never safe to prophesy unless we know, so we may as well confess that we do know, by having tried our question on such a number of ministers as runs well into three figures. Your ninety-nine will take cover behind their Original Greek New Testaments, they will tell you that the question of a little "l" or a big "L" is purely arbitrary, they will assume for themselves the post of arbiters, ignoring the good old arbitrament of the Authorised Translators. They will scoff at the idea of a layman attempting to argue with them on Scriptural matters, and laugh his argument to scorn. Convinced against their will, they'll cling to their own opinions still, not on this question alone, but on every other question where care, correctness, and common-sense run counter to their own hidebound rulings.

You may, on the other hand, be so fortunate as to meet with a really broad-minded and clear-headed clergyman. On your travels, in connection with your clerical plebiscite, you are, indeed, certain to meet him. He is the hundredth man, tacitly alluded to throughout this article. And as there are over 50,000 clergymen in our little island, that means at least 500 who have not bowed the knee to the blundering traditions of their countless predecessors, but who think for themselves. For which and whom let us be devoutly thankful!

DISTANT READERS.

All kinds of good wishes for Christmas and the New Year are beginning to reach us from our Colonial, Indian, and foreign readers, and from a host of interesting cards we select the two reproduced above. That on the left is from "Camp 77 Miles," Blantyre, Nyassaland, British Central Africa, and the other from Rangoon, India.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

By Jim Crow.

[*We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.*]

I am more at home with the seven deadly sins, but as I have not a list of them by me, I must content myself with talking to you to-day about the seven deadly virtues. I do not quite understand why there are only seven of them, for I should have thought that I possessed a great many more. We will, however, look through them in a friendly spirit, question their right to special consideration, and see how they apply to ourselves.

Charity.

Though I am usually ready to share my last half-crown with a beggar, I disapprove on principle of indiscriminate charity. The whining, wheedling wretch in rags who talks in a petulant voice about his starving family is probably far less to be pitied than the self-respecting person who stays at home and starves. But unless we can turn ourselves into a private Charity Organisation Society, we shall never find out the deserving cases, and the result will be that we shall give nothing to anybody at all. We shall go upon the brutal and cynical principle that those who do not ask do not want, and those who do ask shall not have. I remember once driving along the road between Nice and Monte Carlo with a Polish nobleman and noticing that he gave pennies to all the professional cripples who hang about the road there. I remonstrated with him, and he said that it was better to waste a few pennies on undeserving cases rather than run the risk of allowing anybody to starve. He did not want to face the possibility of being responsible for a man's life. I thought this rather silly at the time, but on reflection I thought perhaps there was something in it, and now I never refuse a humbug a penny without reflecting that perhaps his death may lie at my door. It is hopeless to be too logical in the matter of charity. Charity must be spontaneous as well as long-suffering and kind.

But, I am reminded by a theologian, charity does not mean what we understand by it in the ordinary eleemosynary sense of the word. It really means Love. Then hurrah for charity! I will at least take this virtue on my side.

Faith.

Some people look upon faith as almost a negation of reason. It seems to imply a kind of blindness which accepts doctrines without discussion. But, of course, there is faith and faith. There is the faith of the ignorant person who lives in Birmingham and believes that our trade is going to pot, and that a large addition to our taxation would make us all rich and happy and free. Then there is the faith of the half imbecile person who accepts everything that he is taught. He is the ideal recruit for every idiotic teacher of ravings in politics and religion. He is the ideal victim for the three-card-trick man and the quack medicine man, and the long firm, and all the other practical exponents of Tariff Reform. But, on the whole, I think faith is to be encouraged. Even though it cannot remove mountains, it is, at any rate, preferable to that nasty, ill-natured position, which denies everything *a priori*. I am all for the cultivation of faith to the utmost possible extent. Let us believe in people until we know they are rascals, let us believe in all religions which seem to do good, let us have faith in our country even when it seems to do wrong. Above all, let us have faith in Jim Crow. This I sometimes find rather difficult myself.

Justice.

The fortunate person finds justice everywhere, the unfortunate one disbelieves in it altogether. I think it is to be found sometimes. There is a sort of poetic justice which brings our enemies to grief. I remember having a talk with Whistler one day about enemies. You will remember that he made a speciality in what he called the gentle art of making enemies. I remarked upon the terrible fate that had just overtaken one of his chief enemies, and he rubbed his hands and said with his inimitable chuckle, "Yes, there seems a fate about it all; they all go to Hell sooner or later." Here we have a union of the two cardinal virtues, faith and justice. I am not sure, however, that I like justice quite so much as some of the other cardinal virtues. It sounds too severe, and must often come into conflict with its little sister, charity. However, as the antithesis to injustice it may pass muster. Its chief charm is its rarity. You do not often find it in the Law Courts, you never find it in politics or party newspapers, it is utterly unknown in private life. However, some of us are able to do justice to a good wine or a good dinner.

Fortitude.

Now this is a virtue which we can all admire. I think I may claim to possess it if I possess none of the others. Look at all the hideous caricatures and lampoons and vulgar abuse to which I have been subjected during my missionary efforts on this paper. In spite of all my philanthropic labours, I have been misunderstood and misjudged. But instead of shrinking into obscurity or swerving an inch from the path of duty, I have held my own by sheer fortitude, and now the very Philistines sing my praises and promise themselves that they will enjoy my next book. Fortitude is the Englishman's heritage. It is through the exercise of fortitude during long generations that the Englishman has secured his proud position at the head of the human race.

Temperance.

Ha! ha! my hearties, this will be a virtue after your own hearts. I need not enlarge upon it or point out to you that it does not mean an intemperate interference with the pleasures of other people. It means the enjoyment of the goods which the gods offer to us, and a cheerful tolerance of the shortcomings of our neighbours. Remember that Socialism and Sabbatarianism and all other impertinences of the goody-goody are a vicious and abominable negation of this cardinal virtue.

Hope.

This virtue is usually found only among the very young. We leave all hope behind us when we pass through the portals of middle age. Hope implies ambition, and usually leads up to a series of disappointments. It is, however, a very grateful and comforting tonic, which should be prescribed to all those who are weary or depressed. Hope is the cardinal virtue of true liberalism, and should be made the watch-word of all parliamentary candidates and other philanthropists. But we are to remember that there are occasions when it maketh the heart sick.

Prudence.

I do not know at all how this horrible vice can have crept into the category of virtues, even though it has been content to occupy the lowest room. Whenever I meet a prudent person, I long to kick him. At any rate, I have the comfortable satisfaction of knowing that he is very unlikely to retaliate. Prudence is inseparable from selfishness, and invariably leads its possessors to leave their friends in the lurch. I do not think that many of us would care to go out bear-hunting with a prudent person. It is all very well to say that prudent ones will live to fight another day, but experience proves that they never want to fight now, or at any other time. Prudent persons will allow any insult, submit to any ignominy, be lost to all sense of honour or decency, and generally invite people to trample upon them. Sometimes, of course, they are successful as politicians, but then only by dint of low cunning and sneaking, underhand ways. The prudent are not fit for the society of gentlemen. Look at Arthur Balfour as a living example of this misnamed virtue.

Mr. Crow's Condescension.

On the whole I think I have been much kinder to the virtues than I expected to be when I set out. They are not a bad little collection after all. But if it were not presumption to set up my opinion against that of the Fathers of the Church, I think I could make out a much better list of cardinal virtues myself. Instead of charity I would have generosity; instead of faith I would have loyalty; instead of justice I would have toleration; instead of fortitude I would have courage, the active instead of the passive expression of the same act. Temperance I would qualify with a certain amount of recklessness and a full-blooded attitude. Hope would have to be supported with a sword or bayonet, or at the very least, with a sturdy fist. As for prudence, I will have none of it. Who will suggest an alternative? Shall it be politeness or imagination or humour or old brandy? I hereby offer a prize for the best list of seven alternative virtues.

Very soon I hope to be able to tell you what I think about the seven deadly sins. But, in view of the present encroachment of the new theology, I do not believe that very many sins will long survive. Selah!

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Too Much Humbug!

London is on the eve of another of those super-moral spasms with which what I may call the sniffy and ecclesiastical elements in combination from time to time inflict upon her. Were I a boastful person, I might be tempted to say, "I told you so," after reading this week's utterance of the secretary of the National Vigilance Association. When the Living Statuary boom was at its height, I denounced it as a form of amusement second in dulness only to fake wrestling and film boxing contests; as dangerous to music-hall interests, moreover, because it gave the pro-Puritans a handle with which to drag down the liberty of popular entertainment. When the Stiggins and Chadband brigade attempted, however, to suppress the Living Statuary because, they said, it was "immoral" (after they had haunted the various halls for weeks on pretence of inspections in behalf of the commonweal), I protested against the lethargy with which their attack was met by the citizens and the managers. The L.C.C. behaved more absurdly than usual, Municipal Reformers vying with Progressives in the assiduity with which they shuffled under the anger of the Nonconformist Conscience; just as they did again recently in the matter of the right to refresh oneself at a variety theatre.

No Compromise!

Bigots do not understand compromise; they take silence always to mean consent. If you give them one point, they try and collar two. Their success in abolishing the Living Statues (for awhile) whetted their appetite, and they have been preparing further assaults on variety enterprise and the freedom of the public to patronise the same, in its own way and according to its own taste. "One of the first signs of the turning of the tide," says the secretary of the National Vigilance Association—which must make occasion, where none exists, or its subscriptions would fall off—"was the success of the agitation against Living Statuary. Despite the aversion of the London County Council, we gained a signal victory, and the living statuary disappeared as a show that did not harmonise with the revival of chivalry in the minds of men." That it has reappeared, doubtless for the same excellent reasons, at the Alhambra lately, in the form of a tantalising parade of La Milo on that Belgian white horse from Coventry, the secretary does not trouble to mention. Perhaps the inch or two more clothes, or the Clarkson wig of the modern Godiva, makes all the difference. I do not know, for I could never fathom the mind of the professional hunter after nastiness. As the lady in "The Education of Elizabeth" says, there are some people who go about scenting harm where no harm is meant; so there are others—or, rather, they are generally the same people—who see no evil in performances that debauch the public imagination, although they may leave the public morals uninjured.

The Bishops' Crusade.

Having rubbed shoulders with the New York Idea lately and imbibed a little of the special American morality that Wall Street and Broadway and its purlieus effuse, the Bishop of London feels naturally more than ever fitted to lead the van in the great work of cleansing London. Needless to say, the papers that published (in return for solid cheques) the recent prospectus of that centre of Parisian moral endeavour, known as Maxim's, and left the *Daily Chronicle* alone to tell the truth about this notorious rendezvous and its promoters, are lining up behind the good Bishop. We are in for a stiff fight, evidently; and it will be a fatal error if those who cherish the right of the citizens to do what they like, so long as they do not injure anyone else, underrate the vigour, ability, and unscrupulousness of the forces arrayed against them. These forces, as I have pointed out before, are numerically an insignificant section of the community; and no candidate for popular election has any need to be afraid of them, although many are. The convicting figures have been given by their own advocates. Mr. Allen Baker, M.P., an admirable man in many ways, and entitled to all respect as an authority on municipal drains and the like, repeated the familiar facts only a day or two ago. "Out of London's six millions of people," he said, "no more than 15 per cent. attend any place of worship." Divide that 15 per cent. by half—for as many religious people are liberal as are illiberal—and you have the approximate strength in numbers of the pro-Puritan party that wants to arrogate to itself the setting of London's "tone" in the streets and the places of amusement alike. In other words, every pro-Puritan proposes to coerce fourteen other men into acting as he acts, into abstaining from the things he abstains from himself. "The idea is preposterous," you say. It is. But it will become more than an idea, unless the Londoner says, and says plainly, "Enough of this foolery!"

The Faddist and the Natural Man.

What one cannot get these pro-Puritans to see is that they are trying artificially to suppress natural instincts, the free exercise of which, being hindered, humbug, not virtue, would result. In New York we have had an excellent illustration of this fanaticism of prejudice at work. Most of the population of Gotham being foreign-born, New York is a Continental rather than an English city. It enjoys, therefore, a rational Sunday; that is to say, those who find the theatre more restful than the saloon or the Yellow-journalistic kirk can go there. Or, rather, they could go there until recently. Not that the law really allowed it, for the makers of the earlier American laws were of the clan McDougall and the Ingram ilk, freely sprinkled with the vested interests of Little Bethel. Simply, the people did as they wished to do, and the law dropped into desuetude. But, like us, New York has its moral spasms, and they are as devastating as its hot spells. The Raines law revives the sentiment of the "Mayflower" days. On Sunday week all the places of amusement were shut—"even the usual entertainments held at the various halls belonging to the Young Men and Women's Christian Associations." And with what result? "Crowds gathered before the theatres and music-halls that ordinarily are opened on Sundays, and danced and sang and arranged impromptu concerts in the streets, which were far more objectionable than the indoor affairs have ever been. Added to this were many scenes of drunken rowdiness—the city under the Raines law was far worse than before its enforcement." Thus an impartial witness in a Dissenting journal. "These scenes are promised every Sunday until the Act is repealed." That is what abortive "morality by Act of Parliament" produces in New York; and here its results will be no less lamentable if pushed to extremes.

Minorities and Majorities.

I know that many of my professional readers—theatrical and variety—are in sympathy with the Raines Law, in so far as it is likely to militate against a seven days' week for them when they are working in the United States. But they are a small minority; and it is the business of small minorities to protect themselves from overwork, or other evil, by combination among themselves, not by attempts to dragoon the majority to their convenience. Because actors and variety artists as a whole lack the professional spirit so entirely as to be incapable, apparently, of risking an atom of self-advantage in behalf of the general body of stage workers, the majority of New Yorkers are, willy nilly, to be condemned to that most depressing of weekly institutions, the British Sabbath. That is the theory, but it will never be the practice. The New Yorker has few good points, but he has the sense of liberty; he refuses to be sat upon by elected or non-elected busybodies posing as moral reformers. He does not want his morals reforming; and he has the courage to stand up and say that he won't have them reformed—at least, not on Sundays. He knows that, if the minority is allowed to impose upon him one infringement of personal liberty to-day, it will impose another upon him to-morrow. After the theatres and the halls will go the saloons and the restaurants; and so the process of repression will grow by what it feeds on. Therefore, quite properly, he says to the actor and the vaudeville man, "If you want a day off on Sunday, or some other day during the week instead of Sunday, form a union and get it. Give the 'understudies' and 'deputies' a chance. Don't shut the theatre or the music-hall because you need a day in the country. If the common labourer can organise and get his regular weekly holiday, so can you."

Some Edwardes Successes.

Although "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Gaiety was produced so far back as May 15th last, it is still going along merrily with new features and the label, "Second Edition"; one of the brightest and most amusing of the London shows. "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, too, maintains its original popularity undiminished. Both pieces will be on the road shortly with companies of very exceptional strength. When either the Gaiety or the Daly's bill begins to show signs of having done its bit, Mr. Edwardes has half a dozen other pieces equally good in hand from which to choose a successor—pieces by Lehar, Oscar Strauss, and Fals; the pick of the latest light music produced on the Continent, in fact. At the Prince of Wales' a novel (I believe an unprecedented) departure has been made in the matter of "Miss Hook of Holland," the clever work of Mr. Pooh-bah Rubens, which has been running since January 31st. The evening bill remains an adult bill, "Miss Hook" being played for adults by adults. But the matinée bill is a children's bill, "Miss Hook" being played by children for children. I am no lover of child performers as such; but in the afternoons and at Christmas time there is something to be said for them, both from the point of view of the child player and the child audience.

FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

CLOSING DATE OF

SAMUDA'S COMPETITION DEC. 31.

This Advertisement will not appear again.

SAMUDA'S SECOND GRAND

LIMERICK

JUDGES: Mr. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor "Strand Magazine."*
Mr. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*
Mr. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

FIRST PRIZE: A FREEHOLD FURNISHED COUNTRY HOUSE, A HORSE AND TRAP, AND £2 A WEEK GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.

SECOND PRIZE, £50; 3rd, £25; 4th, £10; 5th, £5; 46 Prizes of £1 1s.

The Pension will be Guaranteed. **It Costs You Nothing to Try.**

ANOTHER GREAT PRIZE.

To advertise their well-known "Traylee" Cigarettes, Messrs. Samuda now offer as a first prize the most attractive reward ever offered for public competition. What is the ambition of most people? A freehold country house with an income to keep it up! That is our first prize! The winner of Samuda's second Limerick Competition will be the proud possessor of a pretty house in the country, every brick of which will be his own, and in addition a guaranteed income of £2 per week for life, which will enable him to live in it.

A HOUSE COMPLETE (FURNISHED BY WARINGS).

By a house, Mr. Samuda does not mean a bare, empty house. It will be a pretty, well-kept, country ville, standing in its own grounds. The interior will be decorated and artistically furnished throughout by Messrs. Waring—kitchen, hall, dining, drawing-room, and bedrooms, with everything conducive to home comfort. Table linen, crockery, household utensils, bed-linen, draperies—all are included. The house contains every modern improvement, including bathroom, hot and cold water, electric light, etc. All you have to do is to win this prize, and the house will be ready for you to live in, complete in every particular. Not only that—but in the grounds the winner will find stable and coach-house; inside the stable a smart little pony, and inside the coach-house a neat little trap with harness complete, just ready to drive himself or herself and friends about the surrounding country. As all this would be of little service without an income, Mr. Samuda completes this desirable prize with the addition of a comfortable income of £2 per week for life, the payment of which will be guaranteed by a well-known Insurance Company.

CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included. If more than one solution is sent, the last lines can be written on a plain sheet of paper, and pinned to the entry form.

Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional penny stamp when sending in their order.

A FINAL WORD.

Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay at least 2s. 6d. per 100, and as the "Traylee" Cigarette is certainly superior in quality to any other sold at this price, each Competitor gets full value for money, and his chance to win this huge prize or one of the 50 cash consolation prizes does not cost him a single penny. Every smoker therefore should try, as a matter of course, for it costs him nothing. Those who do not smoke should also try, and give the Cigarettes to some friend as a Christmas gift.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

1. As this is a special competition and not a weekly one, every attempt submitted will be classified by a competent staff, and the winning lines carefully selected by a committee of three well-known literary men having no connection with Messrs. Samuda's.
2. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* on January 10th, 1908.
3. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
4. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheques will be posted on the first of each month afterwards. The title-deeds to the house will be immediately handed over to the prize-winner.
5. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.
6. Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included.
7. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.

ENTRY COUPON. *CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.*

(X JOHN BULL 5.)

Address Envelope—

The Limerick Committee,
c.o. J. SAMUDA & Co.,
34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

....., 1907.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a competitor.

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

There's a Cigarette commencing with "T."
Its full name is Irish, "Traylee,"
It's Samuda's, the best,
Of fine leaf from the West

(Please write clearly.)

Full Name .....

Postal Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If more than one last line is sent, write same, with name and address, on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/6, including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. W.E.P.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Given Proof." By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. (London: Laurie. 1907.)

A long book with a dull plot, but in some ways well worth reading. There is a poet who falls in love with a wonderful married woman, and she is ready to do anything for him except to run away with him. He writes her a very long and rather stupid poem with the refrain, "I pray you kiss me once and never more." They all go to America, and the Americans want to lynch the poet. To put them off the scent, the lady dresses him up as a woman and sends him off. She then cuts her hair and puts on his clothes and comes out on to the verandah, where she is shot. Thus she has "given proof" of her affection.

> The lynchers gathered round, and put a dozen more bullets into the prostrate body, for luck, and to make things sure. Then they kicked it, remarked that the job had been an easier one than they had expected, and hurried away from the clearing, because they had the decency—a poor rag of decency—not to wish that Mrs. Wynne should come out and see them at their work.
>
> "She didn't show her nose around a corner," said one. "She must be in a sweaty funk."
>
> "Sarves her right, by all accounts," said another; and he added some obscene witticisms to raise the spirits of the party, which seemed to be threatened with reaction.

The book has interested me by its realistic pictures of Yankee life and Yankee morals. Here is a passage about the ethics of lynching, which gives one something to think about.

> "Well, if you must fight," said Cyril, in desperation, "why don't you use your fists like men, instead of resorting to deadly weapons?"
>
> "Fer jest the same reason as before. The man that stole the heifer would want to cut me, an' I c'uldn't stop him with my bare fists."
>
> "Then I can say it is better to die than to be a murderer."
>
> "It ain't murder to kill in self-defence or defence of property; an', asking yewr pardon, yew never kep' cattle, so yew cain't rightly jedge the case as I put it."
>
> "Then let's take another. Even in England we have burglars. Do you suppose if a man broke into my house, and began helping himself to everything he wanted, that my first thought would be to kill him?"
>
> "No, I reckon not." The demi-semitone of sarcasm was remarkably fine. "Yew'd ask him first, mighty polite, to put back the things an' quit. But he wouldn't. What 'ud yew du next?"
>
> "Send for the police," said Cyril unguardedly.
>
> "Thar now! Thet's jest how 'tis, preacher. Yew've guv yewrself away. Yew fancy thet yew're located in another guess country all the time. We hain't got no p'licemen patrollin' around the Big Pastur'. We hain't got no one but ourselves to depend on fer defendin' our own lives an' properties; an' I kin tell yew, sirree, yer won't find the man who's got most religion in the hull of Flor'da stan' still an' let himself be killed or plundered without makin' use of a knife ef he has one handy—It's against natur'. Ef the Lord guv us ten fingers to defend us——"
>
> "He didn't give us knives," Cyril interrupted, sorely driven. "We made those for ourselves."
>
> "Wal, he guv us the sense to make them, so I reckon it's all one."

CHRISTIANS IN TURKEY.

"Official Documents Concerning the Deplorable Condition of Affairs in Macedonia." (Constantinople. 1906.)

"The Bulgarian Exarchate: Its History and the Extent of Its Authority in Turkey." By Richard von Mach. (London: Unwin. 1907. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

"Greeks and Bulgarians." By Neocles Kasasis. (London: Ballantyne. Price 2s.)

These books illustrate the fact that the Turks are not the only cause of trouble in the vilayets which have been nicknamed Macedonia. Mr. von Mach admits that "the day is still remote when Bulgarians, Greeks, Servians, Roumanians, not to mention Albanians and Turks, will join hands to form a free confederation." This is a mild way of saying that all the different races in the vilayets are always looking out for opportunities to fly at each other's throats. We hear a great deal from time to time about religious questions, but these are usually mere pretexts for political demonstrations. Mr. von Mach talks very glibly about the firman of March 11, 1870, as "the fundamental charter of the Bulgarian Church in Turkey," but he does not point out how seriously responsible that firman was for the strife which is now perpetually raging among the Christians of Turkey. Alien Greeks were no doubt intolerable as spiritual directors in districts where there was no Greek population. But to replace them by Bulgarian aliens was in many cases a step out of the frying pan into the fire, and the establishment of the Exarchate was directly responsible for the Bulgarian pretensions which have led to many terrible atrocities committed by Bulgarians in recent years. Mr. von Mach provides us with a statistical map containing some extraordinary (which is to say, Bulgarian) figures. In the vilayet of Kosovo, for instance, he makes out that there is a large preponderance of Exarchists, which I happen to know is by no means the case.

The "official documents" also contain many exaggerations and misrepresentations from the Greek point of view, but even if we make allowances for the prejudices of the authors, we must admit that the Bulgarian propaganda has been conducted in a barbarous manner. Here, for instance, is an extract from the report of the Metropolitan Pelagonia with reference to the proceedings of the Bulgarian bands:—

> The Commitadjis have murdered with savage cruelty over one hundred persons in the districts of Monastir, Perlepe and Achris. But these criminals are not content with sowing death on their passage. They submit their defenceless victims to unspeakable tortures such as the cutting off of the nose, of the secret parts of males, and of women's breasts, the impaling of females, the putting out of the eyes, the splitting of heads with axes, the inflicting of numerous small cuts all over the body, and hundreds of other mutilations, which their savage hatred seems to be inventing daily. Whenever they happen to possess shot guns they fire them in the face of their victims who, once blinded and helpless, are submitted to such tortures as described above. But death alone is not enough to satisfy these bloodthirsty murderers, and whenever a victim is killed outright the body is brutally mutilated.

This state of things is fully confirmed by Mr. Kasasis, who tells us "similar things happened about thirty years ago, when public opinion in England was startled by the Bulgarian atrocities. Unhappily, the contemporary Bulgarian atrocities have been more awful. As the reader will see, the leader of them was the Bulgarian Government itself."

We have received from Messrs. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd., samples of their famous Christmas crackers. The name of the firm is, of course, a household word at this season of the year, and their goods need no recommendation. It is sufficient to say that they are as daintily got up as ever, that the wording of the "mottoes" is still of the same cheery description, and that the gifts contained in them are of an amazing variety, and cater for the tastes of all ages.

Books for John Bull

PEKIN TO PARIS

A Record of Prince Borghese's famous journey by Luigi Barzini, who was on the car throughout the race. 100 Illustrations. 16s. net. Post free, 16s. 5d.

PEKIN TO PARIS

"A joy to read and a pleasure to remember. Not a dull page in it."—"Daily Telegraph." With a preface by Prince Borghese.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

A novel by James Douglas, is "a fine and imaginative romance . . . rich and vigorous . . . an uncommon book."—"The Daily Telegraph."

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

"It belongs to no school. It defies classification. It is in the most startlingly original vein."—"Morning Leader." Coloured frontispiece. 6s. Post free, 6s. 4d.

THE SCOUNDREL

By Ernest Oldmeadow, author of "Susan." "A distinct advance upon 'Susan.'"—"The Tribune."

THE SCOUNDREL

"Excellent. The author's lively humour never deserts him."—"The Morning Post." 6s. Post free 6s. 4d.

Send for Illustrated List to Dept. J.,

E. GRANT RICHARDS, 7, Carlton Street, London, S.W.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XXXVII.—THE POLITENESS THAT EXALTETH A NATION.

The formation in France of a "League to Respect Women" is somewhat of a surprise. To me it has always appeared that the French are the politest people in the world; politer even than the Americans. I have not formed that opinion by reading books and paragraphs about it. It comes of personal experience. Once I was cycling along the road to Rouen on a good Sunday morning. I do not know where Rouen gets its smells from in a general way. But on this particular Sunday one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine of them, all different, assaulted me, and I lost my pedals, and fell off the machine just as the people were coming out of church. The ironmongery got confused with a lamp-post; I slid on my face six yards, and then stopped dead.

At least, I thought I was dead, till my near eye beheld a gentleman with a religious treatise in his hand crossing the road from the steps of the church and coming towards me. Presently he raised his hat, and bent over me with pale and anxious visage. "I beg you to pardon my intrusion, monsieur," he said, "but I trust your bicycle will mend." Then I knew I wasn't dead. I sorted myself out from the mess of that stenchful road, assumed an erect attitude on my hind legs, and, bowing low, replied, "Sir, assure yourself of my felicitations on the cordiality of your inquiries," and then staggered into the nearest café for brandy. Ten minutes afterwards he came in wheeling the bicycle, again begged me to pardon his intrusion, assured me that he had blown up the tyres and straightened the spokes, and what would I take with him? "Sir," I said, "I shall have the honour of raising a glass of brandy to you." It has always been my conviction that politeness exalteth a nation.

According to one of the founders of the new League, "for many years past we Frenchmen have been losing our reputation for politeness to women—in fact, we are no longer as polite to women as are the English, the Italians, or the Austrians." You observe he does not mention the Americans. Whenever the question of politeness arises at any point between the Poles and the Equator, Americans are treated as if they were not on the map. This is probably due to the widespread but erroneous notion that whenever anybody gets into accidental collision with a freeborn Amurric'n citizen, said F.A.C. does not apologise, but simply tries to shove him off the earth. Politeness exalteth a nation, but somehow it hasn't exalted America up to now.

Despite the terms of depreciation in which monsieur chooses to refer to the attitude of his sex towards the ladies of his great country, I still think he is needlessly alarmed. Outwardly, at all events, the Frenchman's gallantry to ladies is picturesque to a pose. But, living behind French walls, monsieur probably knows more than I do about the matter. I remember asking a French lady on a first visit to England what she thought of us. "Ah!" she said, in her pretty way, "I like what you call ze English home bettare zan anysing. I sink I like mooch ze English jentilman for ze husband, but I sink I like bettare ze Frenchman for ze lovare." Perhaps, after all, it is as a lover that the Frenchman most excels in politeness towards women.

On the whole, monsieur somewhat overrates the politeness of my countrymen. Whether a lady gets a gentleman's seat in a British tramcar usually depends on one of two things—whether she is pretty or whether she is over forty. If she is pretty, she may have the choice of six seats, proffered to the ceremony of six raised hats, and any one of those noble Britons will think himself honoured if she graciously permits him to go and sit outside in the rain. If she is over forty, every man in the car will be deeply immersed in his paper.

For myself, I have to say that I offered my seat to a lady of uncertain age and somewhat widespread proportions while in one of the Tubes the other day. "I'd rather stand," she retorted; but, on a vacancy occurring in another carriage, she immediately enrolled herself as a candidate. I really thought her rather rude, until I reflected that if she had taken my seat she would have had to sit half on one man and half on another. The situation clearly demanded that these two gentlemen should have arisen, raised their hats, and remarked, "Madame, permit us to place at your disposal our share of this car also."

If you are seated in a French café, monsieur will invariably raise his hat before he takes a place at the same table. But a more significant thing, and a more beautiful thing, is, that if a funeral cortège passes along the street, the head of every Frenchman on the way will be uncovered. Even the wild little gamins of the gutter pause in their play to take off their caps. There is not much fear of a nation which thus reverently salutes the dead being impolite to the living.

What is Your Number?

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw TEN *numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select fifty helpers weekly at a guinea each.*

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

The following claims have been received in respect of November 2nd and 9th:—

Mr. FRANK COOPER, 40, Lower Street, Birmingham (No. 338,497, Nov. 2nd).

Mr. A. B. FREEMAN, 129, Broad Street, Reading (No. 415,412, Nov. 9th).

Mr. THOMAS HAMMOND, 28, Vincent Road, Morland Avenue, Croydon (No. 300, 212, Nov. 2nd, 1907).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE FIFTY NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 16TH:—

553117;	574538;	574042;	548348;	548850;
590389;	580788;	523004;	608728;	588628;
583328;	532864;	588634;	604894;	566478;
588880;	506385;	590978;	583719;	539724;
605338;	613717;	581462;	604785;	609222;
558048;	582588;	559816;	516828;	566409;
505866;	574180;	573188;	573684;	589183;
579389;	547892;	588697;	598441;	609708;
523025;	542698;	507347;	580178;	510132;
539875;	540667;	580832;	604445;	502217.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 25TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 23RD).

FOR YOUR
STOMACH'S
SAKE

it is dangerous in the last degree to neglect the early stages of indigestion. The symptoms may be only slight, but they will not continue so. To trifle with your stomach is to trifle with the springs of life itself. All nourishment and therefore all strength—the power to think and to do—comes from your stomach: and when it fails, even partially, to digest the food you eat, your whole body right up to the brain inevitably suffers. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup, take it now, and the vigour of health will be yours.

"I lost my appetite and suffered very much from pains in my stomach. I had wind and headaches very often, and was troubled greatly with constipation. Then I began to have pains in my back too. But at last I was advised to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and that cured me."—From Mrs. Farrow, 3, Livingstone Place, Ber Street, Norwich. February 25, 1907.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared
IN TABLET FORM
and sold under the name of
MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP TABLETS.
Price 2/9 per bottle—one size only.

TAKE MOTHER
SEIGEL'S
SYRUP

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Hon. John Yarde-Buller.

Sir,—Don't you really think, reviewing your general conduct towards Mrs. Atherton, that you deserve to be whipped in the public street? Of the ordinary frailties of our common humanity I am not censorious. But when a man acts towards the woman he has betrayed like a cad—when he not only drags her honour into the gutter but leaves her to bear all the moral stigma and social consequence alone, it appears to me that he has forfeited all right to the respect and friendship of decent men and women. If he were treated according to his offence, there is not a Club which would open its doors to him; not a threshold other than his own across which he would be allowed to tread. He would be classed as a moral leper. He would be placed in permanent social quarantine, and the daughters and wives of men would shun him lest they should be destroyed. The "Honourable" Yarde-Buller they call you, sir. That has been your courtesy title as the eldest son of a peer. I do not know what they call you in society now. But I can tell you what they ought to call you. They ought to call you The dis-Honourable Yarde-Buller.

When the newspapers discovered from an advertisement that another picture postcard favourite had been lost to the footlights and gained for the aristocracy, they called the alliance a "romantic marriage." Romantic for whom? You had wrecked Colonel Atherton's home. You had stolen the affections of his wife. You had destroyed her honour with professions of love. When your *liaison* was discovered, and her name was to be pilloried in the Divorce Courts, and she had lost the right to call herself wife any more, you protested in letter after letter that you would marry her. She was "Yours for Ever," your "Dearest Girlie Angel," and all the rest of it. "I swear I will never marry anybody else but you" were your words; "my love shall be yours for ever till my dying day." Free, the woman asked you to fulfil your promise—pleading with you as only women plead in their dishonour and their shame. You refused to make her your wife. You found a wife behind the footlights; that was the romantic marriage the newspapers talked about. Behind it was the bitter tragedy of another life—a beautiful woman before the world in dust and ashes.

Sir, I am not suggesting Mrs. Atherton as a suitable design for a stained glass window. But men like you have the advantage of unequal laws. The pathways of life are still smooth for them. The world is not too inquisitive of their moral credentials. It does not inquire too closely into their character. Not so with women like Mrs. Atherton. They bear all the stigma, all the burden, all the punishment. For the world is hard and cruel to women shut out of the homes of their husbands and cast off by the lovers who dishonoured them. I will say no more to you. I leave you to the judgment of good women and honourable men. That judgment will not spare you.

John Bull.

To Sam Clemens, Esq., alias Mark Twain, New York.

Hearty congratulations, my dear Mark, on your determination not to make any more speeches this year. It is pretty hard for anybody to maintain his reputation as a humorist when he goes out to about three hundred public dinners annually, and makes a speech at every one, even though he *does* appear in a white suit. At the last dinner reported you are said to have created "roars of laughter" by turning to a metal merchant named Carnegie—presumably the gentleman who gives away libraries—and challenging him to spell "petrodactyl." That was really an easy one. If you'd asked him to spell zygodactyl, or zygophyllum, or zythepsary, you might have got him. The English language is not a subject for roars of laughter anyway, or, for that matter, the American language either.

John Bull.

To Edward Roosevelt, Esq., President of the United States.

My Dear Teddy,—I note that you will not be a candidate at the next Presidential Election. I suppose you have had quite enough of the job, or that, on the other hand, it has had more than enough of you. You have raised a few hornets' nests about your own and other people's ears during the time you have been one of the more stupendous monarchs. As an example of the strenuous life, you have let your light shine before all men, and as an advertiser you are as well-known as Beecham's Pills. Of course, you will let me know how you have enjoyed yourself before you depart from the White House—and be sure you don't leave any salary owing. The first person you bid good-bye to should be the cashier, and don't be put off with a cheque. You would have some difficulty in finding an American bank with enough gold inside to cash it.

John Bull.

OUR PUBLIC TRUSTEE—I.

Mr. C. J. Stewart, late Official Receiver in Bankruptcy; late Senior Official Receiver in Companies Winding-up; late Clerk to the London County Council; late Chairman of Samuel Allsopp and Sons, Limited.

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

On January 1st Mr. C. J. Stewart formally enters upon his duties as Public Trustee—a post into which, as I have shown both in the House of Commons and the columns of this journal, he was pitchforked behind the back of Parliament, and in direct violation of the provisions of the Act creating the office. He has taken offices almost adjoining the Bankruptcy Court, and he commences his new and latest career in a blaze of glory reflected from Burton-on-Trent and the Cannon Street Hotel—where his services as chairman of Allsopp's are appreciated at their true value. His name is a household word with the shareholders throughout the land.

I do not propose to inquire into the merits of the new Act which Mr. Stewart is called upon to administer. Personally, I share the view of the *Daily Telegraph*, and *Truth*, and other leading journals, that the Public Trustee is a luxury the country could well have dispensed with. But I may be wrong. At any rate, I am open to be convinced. What I am now concerned with is to prove that the man who has been chosen—I cannot say "selected"—for the office is about the very worst person for the job. Of his business capacity I will say little. His conduct of several large estates which came under his charge whilst Official Receiver, would form an admirable text for a lengthy discourse upon the subject. But that would be ancient history. So I will take the latest monument to his commercial sagacity and administrative genius—Allsopp's. Like Mark Antony, with the body of Cæsar, I will simply point to the gaping wounds of that murdered enterprise and "let them speak for me." I am afraid that of Mr. Stewart it cannot even be said, as of one of Mr. Dooley's heroes, that wherever he goes he makes a host of friends in the place he was last at.

It is with Mr. Stewart's personal fitness for the new and important post—as gauged by the test of temperament and character—that I propose to deal. To be the Public Trustee demands, above all things, an absolutely impartial, unbiassed, judicial disposition. The man who fills the office, if that office is to inspire public confidence—if it is to be anything more than a snug sinecure for a favoured social pet—must be one to whom testators will feel that they may entrust the administration of their estates with absolute confidence that no element of fear or favour, of prejudice or passion, will ever enter into any of the proceedings arising from its execution. Is Mr. Stewart the man to inspire this confidence? Suppose I can show that on more than one occasion, when occupying a semi-judicial position, he was guilty of such animus and foul play as to bring down upon himself stern strictures from one of the greatest judges of our day, now, unhappily, dead, and from another of the greatest—still, happily, with us and on the Bench? Suppose I can show that, in order to secure a conviction of innocent men—on the ground that it would be "a great feather in his cap"—he deliberately withheld material documents and evidence from the Court? Suppose I show that in the opinion of Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, Mr. Stewart kept back a certain document because he knew that its production would put an end to his case, and that a man's whole future depended upon the result of that case? Suppose I show that the late Mr. Justice Hawkins considered Mr. Stewart a dangerous official—biassed and utterly untrustworthy? Surely we need not, then, trouble ourselves about anything else.

Well, that is the task I have set out to discharge, with a full sense of its gravity and its responsibility. And when I have done it, I shall ask the country to say that instead of being a boon, the new Public Trustee, as personified by Charles James Stewart, is more likely to prove a Public Nuisance, and a public danger.

PRISONER AT THE BAR.

POLICE CONSTABLE NATAL: "FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED, I——"

MAGISTRATE BULL: "NEVER MIND THAT, 'CUT THE CACKLE'—WHAT HAS HE DONE?"

IN THE CITY.

THE ALLSOPP CRISIS.

"Please, sir, it wasn't me—it was the other boy."

We think that the line quoted above fairly summarises the speech of the new Chairman. "Things are very bad," says he, "but don't forget—it isn't our fault. We are all new men. Just wait a bit and we'll show you what we can do." And the docile and long-suffering shareholders assented—going home hoping for the best and preparing for the worst, and, above all things, thanking heaven (or the Lord Chancellor) for having taken their late Chairman off their hands, and made him Public Trustee.

We give Mr. Remnant full credit for his candour. If, however, we fail to acclaim his courage, it is because we have been unable to discover any very strong manifestation of that quality. It is an easy task, and a shrewd policy, for any chairman of a company, presiding for the first time over its general meeting, to belittle the Balance-Sheet and discourse upon past mismanagement, with the saving clause in his favour—*it isn't our fault*. We would suggest, however, that this attitude carries with it the obligation to produce a new and constructive policy—a *re*-constructive policy would, perhaps, be a better phrase—and it is in this respect that the heroics of the new chairman fall flat. He admits that the large item of Goodwill standing to the credit of the Balance-Sheet is now a fictitious one; that the Suspense Account represents no real asset in suspense, but an actual, realised, ascertained loss, and one likely to be considerably augmented in the future; that Depreciation has not been properly provided for—and all the rest of it. But, sheltering himself behind the Auditors' Certificate, he says "that is how the books at present stand, and, if you don't hurry or harass us, we will, later on, reorganise and readjust our Capital Account, and let you know where you really are." Well, as the shareholders do not mind waiting, it is no business of ours to complain. When the Scheme is promulgated, we shall examine it, and shall respectfully submit our views upon it. Meantime, we hope the stockholders know the worst. We are reluctant to suggest that they do not. We never play the part of wreckers, and in these days of fierce commercial competition we feel it our duty, if we are to justify the title of our journal, to refrain from any act calculated to injure one of "John Bull's" biggest industrial enterprises. But may we ask one or two questions, based upon a vast accumulation of evidence in our possession.

Is it the fact that the increased trade is being secured by the granting of exceptional discounts, with the result that in many cases the beer is being sold at an actual loss?

Has the gravity of the brews been considerably reduced?

Has the company recently gone in extensively for buying other brewers' beer?

Has the company been turning over its bottling plant at different centres to subsidiary companies, selling to them in bulk and rebuying in bottle to sell again—thus losing the intermediate bottling profit?

We refrain from putting any further questions of a purely personal character. They can very well stand over for the moment. Our wish is to help the shareholders. We must, however, repeat that the material in our possession admits of no doubt that great corruption and extravagance have abounded in the internal administration of the company, and we still await answers to the questions we have already asked, and which we propose to considerably supplement and emphasise before any scheme of reorganisation is got through.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 857 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—Advt.

And now one word to the Auditors. We desire to ask Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. whether they really think that they have adequately discharged their obligations towards the shareholders. We are aware that no firm of accountants stands higher in reputation than they. We make no suggestion against their perfect integrity. To do so would be gross impertinence, as well as gross libel. But *is* it sufficient to shield themselves behind the wording of the Act which governs their duties, and to say that the Balance Sheet "is properly drawn up so as to exhibit *a true and correct view* of the state of the company's affairs," when no adequate provision has been made for Depreciation, when the *assets* comprise a "Suspense Account," consisting of admitted "Loss on realisation of Properties, Investments, and old Loans *during the year*," and "Goodwill *as at the formation of the Company*"? Of course, the Auditors will say that all this is "as shown by the books of the Company," and we are aware that this is the phraseology of the Act. But would not it have enhanced the very high reputation of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co. had they gone a step further and given their opinion as to whether the "books of the Company" are correct? We know there is nothing to compel them to do so—but, equally, there is nothing to prevent them. Having introduced some qualifications into their Statutory Certificate, they might, with advantage to the shareholders, well have gone further.

MR. T. C. KELLY AND GUANO CONCESSIONS.

In our issue of April 20 we made some observations upon Mr. Kelly's negotiations for the sale of his rights in a concession granted to him by the Government to exploit two uninhabited islands near Tristan d'Acunha, supposed to be rich in guano deposits. We wrote:—

> "Mr. Kelly is still on the look-out for a purchaser, but we suggest that he has nothing to sell. It is not that guano is not to be found on the Islands—it is Mr. Kelly's title that is the trouble."

Our point was that Mr. Winston Churchill, as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, had taken up the position that the concession, which was undoubtedly made to Mr. Kelly, had been forfeited owing to his failure to carry out the obligations he had accepted in consideration of the concession being given to him. That difficulty appears to have been got over. His present title, so far as we know, is good, but then comes the question as to the value of the guano. There is no doubt whatever that there is guano on the islands, but our information is that the excessive rainfall has practically deprived it of value as a fertilising agent. We suggest that that point ought to be cleared up, in view of the fact that a company has just been registered under the title of the South Atlantic Trading Syndicate, for the purpose of working these deposits. Is it not a fact that a very well-known firm sent out an expert to report upon these deposits some years ago, long before Mr. Kelly had anything to do with them, and that his report was so unfavourable that the firm in question refused to go on with the matter? In that case it would be interesting to know what has happened since to alter the value of the deposits. We understand that Mr. Kelly has a favourable report from Dr. Newton, but is it not also a fact that some time ago Dr. Newton expressed a very unfavourable view as to the prospects of any syndicate formed for working these deposits? We shall be happy to insert any reply from Mr. Kelly or anyone else entitled to speak on behalf of the South Atlantic Trading Syndicate, and we think that some reply should be made to these questions before the public, any way, are asked to find any portion of the capital of the Syndicate.

PAHANG CONSOLIDATED.

The Pahang Consolidated is a combination of the old Pahang Corporation and Pahang Kabang, two Malay tin companies that never managed to achieve success despite successive reconstructions and some twenty years of development work. The shares in the last reconstruction drifted into the hands of certain underwriters who have cleverly worked up a premium, which at one time amounted to over 800 per cent. on their par value of 5s. The first annual report has now appeared, and shows that certain ore reserves have been developed which are "estimated" to be worth a certain percentage of tin. No idea is given as to probable cost of treatment, and no probable date for the completion of the mill which is in course of erection. Meanwhile, the

cash resources appear to be approaching exhaustion—there was £17,807 left at the end of last July, but the plant, machinery, and stores, costing £7,151, had still to be paid for, and heavy development expenses have been since incurred. The 5s. shares might, as a speculation, be worth par—they are certainly a gamble to be avoided at 32s.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Although the whole of the issue of 350,000 shares of £1 each is being offered to the employees and connections of the allied society, we have had so many inquiries respecting the prospects of the company (the subscription list of which is now open), that we think we may usefully refer to it, and note some points not mentioned in the prospectus.

The directors place great value on the fact that the shares will, for the most part, be held by their agency connections, who have thus an extra incentive to active work on behalf of the Corporation. The Corporation will not issue policies for less than £100 without profits, or £80 with profits, and premiums are not accepted at more frequent intervals than three months.

The Corporation will be in a position to transact all classes of business which the Society by its constitution is debarred from taking. The formation of the Corporation has been warmly welcomed among the agency connections of the Victoria Society, and seems likely to provide a lasting settlement of the controversy aroused by last year's proposed conversion of the society.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

A correspondent sends us the letter we publish below:—

"Craigholm," Polworth Road,
Streatham, S.W.;
December 7, 1907.

320 £50 DEBENTURES.

Dear Sir,—Your name has been given to me as a holder of £4 10s. per cent. debentures in Gamage's. Are you open to purchase in a sound and old-established Industrial Company one or more Fifty pound £7 per cent. debentures at £63 each, at which price they return £5 12s. per cent.?

The next quarterly dividend of £1 15s. will be paid January 1st, 1908. I have held some of these Debentures for the past 18 years, and the interest warrants are always paid the day they are due.

The Company has paid £10 per cent., or more, on its Ordinary shares for the past 14 years. If you are open to purchase, I shall be glad to give you names of Auditors, Bankers, and any further information you may desire.

Yours faithfully,
CAROLINE COATES.

It would be interesting to know the name of the very prosperous company which, notwithstanding its steady payment for 18 years of 10 per cent. dividends upon its ordinary shares, has debentures upon which it pays 7 per cent., and which are offered at a price to yield over 5½ per cent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SALVATION ARMY INSURANCE CO.—W. H. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—We daresay other companies resort to the objectionable methods we have exposed in connection with this company, but that is a poor excuse.

VOIDABLE POLICIES.—CONSTANT READER (Bristol).—We do not know about the liability to prosecution, but there can be no doubt as to the moral aspect of conduct such as you describe.

TREADWELL MINING CO.—A. S. K. (Ilford).—We know of no good reason why you should not accept the offer made to you if it meets your requirements.

UNITED LONDON AND SCOTTISH INSURANCE CO., LTD.—READER OF "JOHN BULL" (Paddington).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—W. K. (Liverpool).—We are obliged by the circulars you send us. We have frequently exposed this particular offender, and can only repeat our warning to have nothing to do with him and his promises. W. B. (Liverpool).—We have repeatedly warned our readers against having anything to do with these people. R. L. (Moreton-in-Marsh).—There is no doubt that, if the North-Western and Midland come to the arrangement hinted at, the quotation of these stocks will improve considerably, but everything depends upon the "if." Speaking generally, Home Rails at their present comparatively low quotations are still good to buy. "PROTARGOL (London, E.C.).—Have nothing to do with either of the firms mentioned.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. S. W. (Clapham).—We must refer you to what we said on the subject in our last issue. H. T. M. (Brixton).—Ditto. W. R. W. (Penclawdd).—See previous answer.

VARIOUS SHARES.—G. S. B. (Shorncliffe Camp).—(1) We cannot advise you to buy any of the shares you name, except possibly No. 4, which is a fair speculative purchase. (2) We have nothing reassuring to tell you about the Company you name. (3) We are sorry you did not take our advice with respect to the Marienbad Company. If you can get rid of the shares at a small loss, we advise you to do so. R. B. (Clacton-on-Sea).—There is not a free market in any of the shares you mention, and none of them are very promising investments at present.

VALUE OF SHARES.—READER (Folkestone).—The prices given in the pamphlet you send us are about 30 per cent. higher than the Bonds can be got for elsewhere. BLACKBIRD (South Shields).—We do not think it likely that the shares to which you refer, and for which you gave 30s. each, will recover to anything like that price, if they recover at all. Our opinion is that the present price, say something under 15s., is very full value.

KENT COAL CONCESSIONS, LTD.—H. J. W. (Temple).—They would be a very speculative purchase.

PREMIUM BONDS.—U. F. (Dublin).—The price does not vary considerably, but there are variations.

MASHONALAND RAILWAY BONDS.—M. (Birmingham).—Yours is a hard case, but we really think you will be well advised in cutting the loss and selling at the present quotation. We are satisfied that it will go lower. As to reinvesting the money, we should not put it into South American securities, but Grand Trunk Second Preference represent an excellent investment, and if you can afford to wait a little the Third Preference may be recommended.

VICTORY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. G. C. (Wimbledon).—We think not.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—B. B. (Birmingham).—We know nothing against the Company, or any good reason why you should not carry out the proposed transaction.

SHAREHOLDERS' UNION.—W. M. (Temple).—The idea has often been suggested, but shareholders, as a body, are so apathetic.

DOLCOATH MINE.—H. K. (Coalville).—This is the leading tin mine of Cornwall, and is very well managed. Its shares represent a promising speculative investment.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—F. B. (Birmingham).—It is not the fact that Mr. Ackland "never had the scheme placed before him and never reported upon it," as a full and detailed report upon the then scheme was made to the trustees on January 19th, 1906. The rules of the scheme have since been varied in certain minor respects, but later additions to these rules, which have been before Mr. Ackland, do not indicate any material changes which would affect his general conclusions as to the financial standing and prospects of the scheme. The quotation contained in the issue of JOHN BULL, dated October 26th last, is a true and faithful extract from the report to the trustees above referred to. Mr. Ackland has never received in any form a retainer not to report upon this scheme, nor has he ever declined to make a report upon this ground.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM AND LIQUID FUEL CO.—SHAREHOLDER (Bath).—We are largely in agreement with the statements of the circular copy of which you send us.

BRITISH MUTOSCOPE CO.—E. A. (Cleadon).—(1) We will try and get the information you want. (2) We are obliged to you for the advertisement you send us.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—ERWORTH (Effingham).—We are afraid your shares have no value.

COALITE, LTD.—A. O. (Stoke Newington).—The shares represent a very speculative purchase. Opinions differ widely as to the commercial value of the process upon which the company rests, but you could only sell at the present time at a great sacrifice, and you will probably be well advised in holding on on the chance of the thing turning out trumps.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—E. S. (Hyde Park).—We do not think it will be at all easy to get more than the £45 offered you by the Association.

MONEY SOCIETIES UNDER FRIENDLY SOCIETIES ACT.—G. R. (Barry Dock).—We have read your correspondence with the Chief Registrar as to whether the sureties of a member of one of these societies, who has borrowed a certain sum, but only repaid a portion of it at the time of death, are entitled to pay the loan off with interest at once, or whether they must carry out the full undertaking of the borrower. The Registrar points out that there is no specific provision in the Act on the point, and that he is not called upon by the Act to make rules for the protection of the members in the manner you suggest, the Registrar's duties being covered by Section 2 of the Act. We do not see what you can do in the matter. The Registrar will not interfere, and members are bound by the rules of the societies of which they are members. We return your correspondence.

CONSOLS.—DANCING BIRD (Keighley).—(1) We do not think it likely that Consols will go lower. The probability is the other way, though we do not look for much early improvement. (2) Have nothing to do with the people who offer to make you a profit of £100 a week upon a capital of £1. Such ludicrous offers should not deceive a child.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—T. E. S. B. (Chelmsford).—We think you might do better by going to the Perpetual Building Society, of New Bridge Street, which is an old-established and very sound society, which would give you as good terms as can be got, consistent with sound business.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—C. P. (Wimbledon).—We cannot advise you to put your £50 into shares of the company whose report you send us. You had much better keep the money in the Savings Bank until it has grown a little.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANIES.—J. T. D. (Stoke Newington).—The Yorkshire Fire and Life Insurance Company is a company of high standing, with a strong local connection, and transacts fire, life, and accident business. Its total assets at the end of last year amounted to £3,115,435.

GOLDEN GRAIN BREAD CO.—J. B. (Highbury).—We have no very late information. Why not apply to the liquidator, who may be willing to give you the information you want.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—Wilmot (Glasgow).—We do not think you could do much better. The Liverpool and London and Globe is an office of high standing.

UNITED COLLIERIES, LTD.—YORK (Edinburgh).—We think you might make a better selection.

S. ALLSOPP AND SONS, LIMITED.—F. C. (Birmingham).—(1) We cannot explain how it is that the accounts for the six months ended March 31st, 1907, show a very heavy loss, notwithstanding the statement in the previous report that during the first nine months of 1906 trade had shown a gradual improvement, which had been still more marked during the last three months of the period. It would be interesting to have the directors' explanation, but it is not likely to be given. (2) We cannot tell you why this year nothing is said about the value of the beer sold. You may be pretty sure that if there had been anything pleasant to say it would have been said. (3) The loss for the year to June 30th, 1905, amounted to £55,925; the loss for the fifteen months to September 30th, 1906, amounted to £85,012; the loss on the twelve months to September 30th, 1907, amounted to £72,794, so that, notwithstanding the increase in gross profits, the Company is going from bad to worse. (4) The goodwill stands, as it stood at the formation of the Company, at £1,431,955.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE CORPORATION.—R. H. J. (Liverpool).—We do not know how we can help your friend, who must either continue to pay upon his two Bonds or sell for what they will fetch, which we fear is a good deal less than you seem to suppose when you speak of "some depreciation." We cannot recommend putting further money into this kind of concern. We return your papers.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

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Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 %. per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

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with unusual strength and of beautiful soft, silky texture, free from Dandruff and Scurf when using
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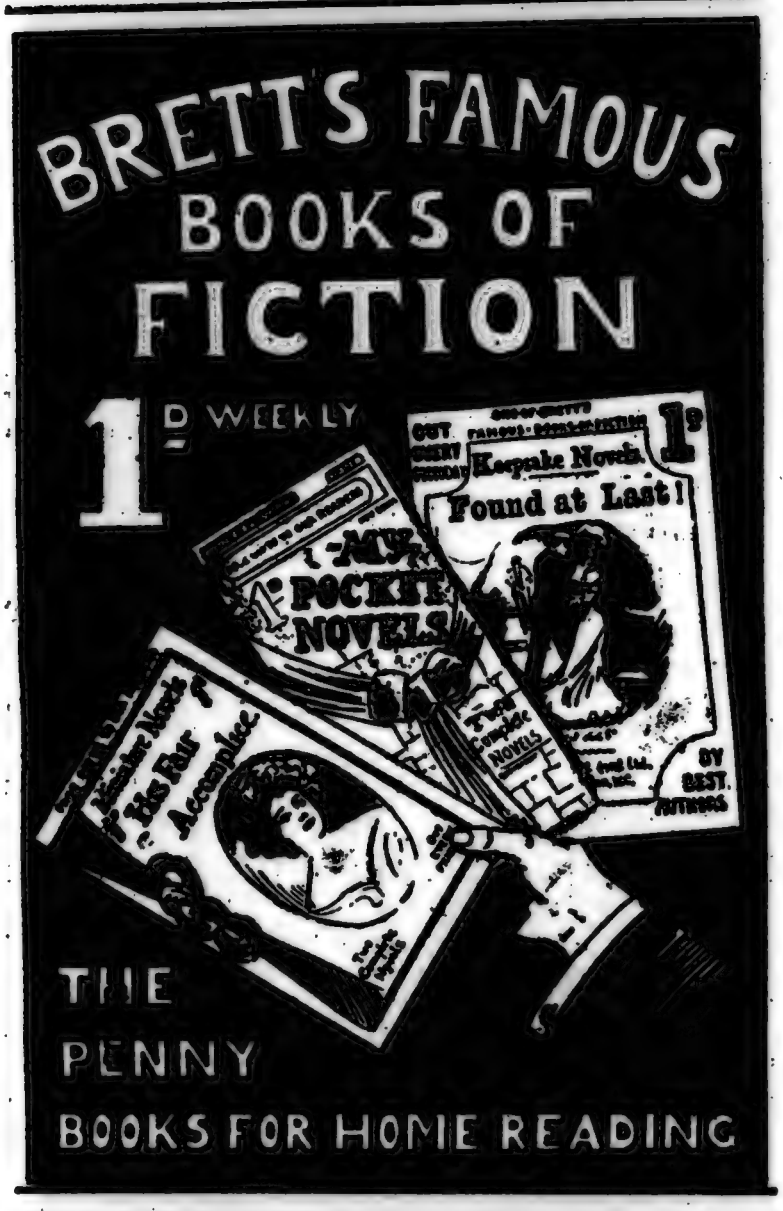

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the new Illustrated Weekly Penny Paper, the object of which is to help its readers to make the best use of their spare time. It is largely devoted to the various forms of Artistic Handicrafts which can be practised at home by Amateur Workers of either sex; but practically all kinds of recreative work, with various pastimes and the more important collecting hobbies, come within the limits of its scheme.
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CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
If so, What is your Number?
SEE PAGE 587.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

JUDGES AND THE LISTS.

As we anticipated, Mr. Eve, K.C., has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Justice Kekewich as a Chancery Judge. Perhaps it was too much to expect that the common-sense course of appointing an additional Common Law judge to tackle the long lists of arrears in the Common Law Division would be adopted. Still, if another Chancery judge was to be appointed, there could be no better selection than that of Mr. Eve.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent, and we may say that whilst we never suggested that Mr. Justice Darling "is nothing more than an exuberant humorist," we are largely in agreement with the writer as to the increasing reputation of this judge. If only he would cease to joke! Our correspondent writes:—

> Your remarks on the Judges forming the Court of Criminal Appeal have suggested to me the idea that Mr. Justice Darling is rather unjustly depreciated. For a Judge whose appointment was a frank "job," he seems to have done marvellously. His record in criminal cases is quite as good as that of most of his colleagues, while on a good many occasions he has presided over the Divisional Court, and given some extremely capable judgments. I think it is time the idea was got rid of that Mr. Justice Darling is nothing more than an exuberant humorist. I wait impatiently for your series of Judges to re-commence, in order that I may have my opinion backed up by the writer. I heard Lord Collins say once when M.R., "It is indeed seldom that we have to complain of the summing-up of our Brother Darling." Give the Darling his due.

We hope to have a sketch of Mr. Justice Darling in our next issue, which, we think, will satisfy our correspondent that we are not blind to the strong points of a lawyer who, whatever his claims as a judge to the respect of the Bar and the public, is a very worthy gentleman.

THE COURTS OF APPEAL.

During the past week one of the three Courts of Appeal has not been sitting owing to the unavoidable absence of Sir Gorell Barnes, from illness, and the avoidable absence of Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, who has been sitting again as Chairman of that remarkable Royal Commission which is enquiring into Welsh Church affairs. It is simply astonishing that at a time when the list of Appeals is longer than it has been for many years, and cannot be reduced unless three Courts sit, one of the best Lords Justices should be withdrawn for the work of a Royal Commission. If they must have a judge for this sort of work—and we cannot see the necessity—why not take one of the Irish judges? Half of them have nothing to do, but they are very competent men. If there are technical difficulties in the way, there can be none which could not be removed easily and quickly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOAN (P. and L., Reading).—The lender is entitled to sue for the amount due, and for any agreed interest. We doubt if the added charges can be recovered, and if the debtor appeared to the summons he could explain to the judge what he was prepared to pay, and an order would be made for that sum and such costs as are proper, disallowing such part of the claim as is not enforceable.

EMPLOYEE'S GOODS ("Warwick," Kensington).—We do not see that you have any right to claim compensation for the goods damaged or destroyed unless you can show that reasonable care was not taken of them. It was the duty of your employer to safeguard the articles entrusted to him, and all he was entitled to do was to have them disinfected. The rights of the parties in such cases are complicated, and we doubt if you would be successful if you sued him for the value.

BALL IN GARDEN (G. E. B., Wallington).—The persons in charge of the garden have no right to retain the ball, and your best course is to take out a police-court summons against them, if you can frame the charge so as to meet the case. Your other remedy would be by a County Court action for the value of the ball. You should consult the clerk to the Justices as to whether he can assist you in framing a charge. You need not employ a solicitor, and we doubt if you would recover his charges.

PURCHASE OF BOOK BY INSTALMENTS ("Veritas," Hull).—It is too late to cancel the order, and all you can do is to write to the firm and say that you cannot carry out the bargain and will be glad to be relieved. When they deliver the volume to you, you should return it. When they threaten you with proceedings, you should ask how much they want to release you, and then they would probably let you off upon payment of the expenses they have incurred.

AGENT'S RESPONSIBILITY ("Clubs," Nottingham).—Unless you so modify your tickets as to make it clear that you are acting as the agent of the firm and not on your own behalf, you would be liable for all debts incurred. The ticket should be signed by the customer and not by you, and you should limit yourself to effecting the introduction of the customer to the firm.

HIS LAST EPIGRAM.

By PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT.

Briefless juniors, languidly following the Assizes from city to city, discarded pleasantries and became as sombre as the gaoler. Over the court, crowded and stuffy, hovered the heavy premonition of death—death by the hangman.

Once a great blue-bottle fly buzzed along the benches, sauntered round the chaplain, and, completing its circuit, departed by the window through which it had come. Its drone had been the only sound to break in upon the monotonous tones of Mr. Justice Mallow since the court first became aware that this was a "hanging" summing-up.

His lordship usually made prisoners wince. They seemed to realise, in a blunt sort of way, that they were merely the stalking-horse for his judicial wit to ride upon. To-day his lordship was particularly caustic. Everything he said appeared to be leading up to some brilliant play on words.

By his right hand lay a small black object, visible only to the chaplain and—to himself. By some strange impulse the chaplain felt bound to glance at it every few moments, and each time he turned away quickly with a half-suppressed shudder. It had the significance of Fate. The judge evidently had no anticipation that the jury might need to retire.

As the judge proceeded, one of the counsel whispered to his neighbour—"Mallow's chance is coming at last."

The barrister addressed smiled cynically.

"Three murder trials, three acquittals," he whispered. "Three times an epigram killed."

The summing-up continued, and to those near at hand it was evident that the prisoner grew perceptibly older with every sentence uttered. The hopelessness of it all struck him like a blight.

He was an old man, but he had fought hard for his life, had combatted with a grim stubbornness, strangely out of keeping with his appearance, the terrifying array of compromising circumstances.

His thin hands tightly clasped the upper rail of the dock. An odd suggestion of worry was given to him by the way in which the white hair was brushed back from his forehead, and his blurred and watery eyes peered through their convex spectacles like those of a frightened rabbit.

The judge had finished. "Consider your verdict, gentlemen," he said.

There was a slight flush upon the judge's cheeks, but the face of the man opposite to him was ashen. He breathed with difficulty, and the court—judge, counsel, jurymen and all—seemed to go swirling around him, like a maelstrom through which he was being sucked to eternity.

With a great effort he summoned to himself the last residuum of self-possession, and as the things he looked upon regained their wonted order and proportion, he saw the jury retiring, while the judge looked at the foreman with undisguised annoyance.

Then he felt a tap upon his shoulder, and, turning round, he followed the gaoler, with uncertain steps, down the dock stairs. Half-way from the bottom the gaoler supported him with his arm.

The judge, too, retired, taking with him the little black object crumpled in his right hand. In his own room he cursed silently the system of trial-by-jury.

For twenty minutes the hum of the court continued, floating down the dock steps and creeping through the door crevices into the judge's room.

Then through it all came the rapping of knuckles on a door, and the murmur abruptly died to silence.

One by one the jurymen trooped into the court and took their seats. The judge stalked to his place upon the bench, and all eyes turned instinctively to the dock.

The prisoner was not there!

Several minutes passed, and still the dock remained empty. With an ejaculation of impatience, the judge bade a constable ascertain what was happening.

Footsteps sounded upon the stone steps leading to the dock, and a warder's cap appeared above the level of the court. All eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the unfortunate man to follow.

But he was not the prisoner, that black-coated, white-faced man who, hurriedly, yet haltingly, addressed the judge.

"I am the prison doctor," he said. "The prisoner is dead. Too much strain upon a weak heart."

Steadying himself under the suddenness of his surprise, the judge looked down upon the court through the débris of a shattered epigram.

"Then there is no need for a death sentence, gentlemen," he said. "Judgment has robbed Justice; Death has cheated the Executioner."

It was his last epigram.

"My lord," exclaimed the foreman of the jury, in a trembling voice, "we found the prisoner 'Not guilty.'"

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak Safety Razor it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO.

"CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (40 pages) post free on application.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

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a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

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SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the ultimatum issued to Dinizulu took the form of a "Maxim-um."
That the Canadian pugilist Burns for Moir victories.
That Battersea is very 'i-rate.
That the Countess of Warwick sold her town house in order to put into practice her Socialistic principles.
That the Freedom of the City has been conferred upon the Ludgate Hill hawkers.
That in view of the Premier's illness, Winston Churchill is hurrying home.

The wife of Mr. Best, of Aliwal North, Cape Colony, recently presented him with his thirty-first child. Who can better Best?

An Italian marquis, captured by brigands, was offered the choice between paying £350 and having his teeth drawn one by one. He stumped up.

A contemporary called the missing La Patrie the "Charley's Aunt of the Air." A "starring" tour.

Mistletoe is to be cheap, but some young men may find it very dear.

"By pointing out errors you teach people to take advantage of them," was the comment of the Swazi chiefs on "The Christian." Certainly the play is "an awful example."

Mr. H. G. Wells says he does not believe that journalism is ever fiction. Evidently he does not read the "news"-papers.

Complaining of the way she was ejected from a political meeting, a suffragette says: "They ought to employ men who know how to put a woman out." Most of us find the task very easy.

According to Mr. Tree, "music is the natural enemy of alcohol." Is this why itinerant musicians always select public houses for their performances?

According to Mr. Joseph Pennell, wine has no connection with art. If it were the other way about there would be less stomach-ache.

In spite of the fact that talking machines to the value of £1,000,000 were manufactured in Germany last year, marriage is just as popular as ever.

"The Unpardonable Sin," is the name of a book just published. The author seems to know his work.

"English humour is good-natured," says a San Francisco journal. Then it must be good humour.

"An extra bath" was the punishment awarded an inmate of Ipswich Workhouse for insolence. He got into hot water.

The Countess of Huntingdon's church at Swansea was put up to auction recently, but not sold. Going begging, as usual.

The *Philadelphia Record* says the difference between an epithet and an epitaph is that one is applied to a man before he is dead and the other after. But the first is usually true.

A Unionist paper considers that the Liberal ship is sinking. But the Hull is sound.

A homœopathic correspondent wishes to know why the Kaiser didn't select Corfe Castle.

Over the grave of her late husband, a New York widow has erected an exact copy of a sawmill. She must have been very much cut up.

A writer informs us that the rapid growth of the nail is an indication of health. Likewise, the rapid growth of the screw is an indication of wealth.

In an article, "Queer Livings," the writer says one gentleman alone pays 15s. a week for the walking out of his bulldogs. We presume he pays more if there is any walking in?

An expert advocates a fish diet for poultry. Nothing new. Amongst eggs we have often found one smelt.

The red tile in the floor of the railway station which marked the spot where President Garfield fell has been stolen. The thief must have had a tile loose.

"No. 30 of the *Daily Mail* Sixpenny Series" is advertised as "one of the finest novels *ever written for sixpence*." *We* pay a guinea a thousand words.

Motto for Burns the pugilist: "Heads, I win."

"The Military Pickle" so extensively advertised just now has no reference to the War Office.

Not every unmarried lady covets Miss Florence Nightingale's privilege of adding "O. M." to her name.

SOME SUITABLE CHRISTMAS BOXES:—
The Hostess—Match-box.
Musical Conductor—Band-box.
Soldier—Pill-box.
Sweetheart—Tie-box.
Detective—Collar-box.
Lounger—Work-box.
Sharper—Trick-box.
Policeman—Watchman's box.
Office Boy—Ear-box.
Jockey—Horse-box.
Clergyman—Collecting-box.
Pugilist—Hiding-box.
Moneylender—Witness-box.
Theatrical Artist—Paint-box.
Chauffeur—Bonnet-box.
Irishman—Tinder-box.
Scotchman—Money-box.
Welshman—Musical-box.

Apropos the recent fire at Gamage's, a boy named See saw it first. We presume he went up and down spreading the news.

A Highland pipe band has been added to the Salvation Army. Salvationists have always been fond of illustrating the awful fate of the wicked.

A passenger has sued the Railway Company for causing him to miss his wedding. His intended has now thrown him over. The company will probably plead that it was "the act of God!"

INTERESTING FACT:—
If the number of bald headedmen in Britain be added to the number of men who are not bald, by subtracting the latter number from the total, you can ascertain the exact figures regarding the number of baldheaded.

EDITORIAL PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY:—
The Pen is mightier than the Sword, but the Typewriter is more efficient than either.——Not every rejected MS. is necessarily a masterpiece.——Blessed is the man who achieveth a "Scoop."——"Copy" *may* also be original.——The waste-paper basket has saved many a literary reputation.——The value of news—unlike port wine—is not increased by age.——The Blue Pencil covers a multitude of sins.——A contributor may write on all sides of a question, but on only one side of the paper.——A small "Par" may father a great idea.——A "Printer's Error" has frequently saved the situation.——Get news honestly, if possible, but get it quickly.——All roads lead to the Editor's Room.——The world is composed exclusively of "our readers."——Efficient editing consists in the practical application of the Rules of Subtraction and of Addition.——It requires a very fine discrimination to distinguish fiction from fact.——Writing and Wronging are not invariably antagonistic terms.——Advertisements, like the blood corpuscles, follow the circulation.——The Staff of a journal is a democratic republic, but the Editor's chair is the throne of a despotic monarch.

"The House of Lords is the hair-shirt of the Liberal party," says the *Review of Reviews*, Australia. Time it was washed.

"No woman looks her best at breakfast time," says the *Gentlewoman*. She ought to, since she's just "got up."

"The sun and the lamp are both deceivers," says Paul Sabatier. We always thought they made things clear.

One million divorces have been granted in America during the past twenty years. The marriage tie there is evidently a slip-knot.

A Pittsburg baby has been christened Roosevelt Connaught Edward Czar Alfonso Wilhelm McNaughton. And that boy will be expected to keep the First Commandment!

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

We regret it is impossible to announce the result of the ballot until our next issue.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

We have some specially fine Christmas and New Year picture post-cards, and shall be happy to send a few to any reader applying to the publisher for them.

"CINYC" (Pirbright) is evidently a superior person, for he has a poor opinion of his fellow correspondents. He is disgusted that "the general run" of our readers "don't (or won't) grasp this, that Jim Crow is the JOHN BULL literary dustbin, or, to use a *better* phrase, a brick wall to throw bad eggs at." Then he politely refers to someone else among our readers as "another ass." On the whole, however, our friend is good enough to approve of us, so we will not say anything about his spelling.

J. S. B. (Aldershot).—We cannot judge other papers' Limericks, but we agree that it would take a long time to go through 153,104 last lines.

PHYLLIS (London).—How Dare you?

C. B. E. (Haverford West) sent her son to look up the London Premium Tea Co., but he could not find them at New Street, Holborn, or New Street, Bishopsgate, or New Street, Covent Garden. Where are they?

E. F. H. (Bowes Park).—It must be very gratifying to a newspaper to find a spirit of contentment among competitors who have failed to win prizes.

C. A. C. (Manchester).—The tin is not very full just now.

W. B. (Acton).—What do you want us to say?

T. S. (Gunnersbury).—Quite right to pull the rascal's legs.

D. B. M. (Wellington).—We are giving the doctor a rest for the present.

"SNOWDROP" (Cardiff).—We have already referred to the notorious Truscott.

C. H. (Hull).—There is a regular traffic in signatures for these fraudulent circulars.

B. E. D. (Leicester).—A number of papers seem to be under the impression that 300,000 families can live in one room.

W. H. B. (Shrewsbury).—More silly than funny.

W. F. H. (East Ham).—We are not an authority on the new theology.

T. D. (Nelson).—You must be a very new reader.

R. E. (Hampstead).—The Goldware and Electro Company (17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street) seem to be very much like a number of shady concerns.

W. A. (Preston Park) asks for the date of the issue of the *Chemist and Druggist* containing the list of ingredients of certain patent medicines. It is October 19th last. The list was given by Mr. Hornsby when speaking on the Quackery Prevention Bill in the New Zealand House of Representatives, and the editor of our contemporary remarks that he prints the list *literatim*, "including all the errors."

"Coco" (South Woodford).—The subject of your letter is receiving our attention. We quite agree that had Keir Hardie remained in Wales the case to which we recently referred might still have happened, but at least there would have been an M.P. on the scene to make a note of the facts and deal with them in the House—just as he is doing in regard to Indian affairs.

R. P. (Rugeley).—No doubt the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, in describing Lord Loreburn as "Chancellor of the Exchequer," when publishing his portrait with that of his bride, was simply thinking of the home finances.

P. G. H. (Kenilworth).—You will observe that we have fully dealt with the rev. gentleman and his Divine "Call" to a new Church—with a wealthier congregation.

W. H. (Cheshire).—We have already awarded a biscuit to the Liverpool City Council for presenting a poor pensioner with a book entitled "How to Live," and containing special warnings against oysters.

"Loco."—We will do our best to expose them.

A. C. (Brompton Road) enquires about the Peoples' Teeth Association (138, Strand). They offer to fill the mouth with teeth for £3 3s. on payment of a deposit of 5s., and they are sending out ladies to make a house to house canvass. Of course, at best, they cannot be more than "registered" dentists, as licentiates (L.D.S.) are not allowed to do this kind of thing any more than doctors.

"RAYNER" (Taunton).—We will inquire about the firm in question. Good short stories are difficult to get, and we don't care to print bad ones.

A. S. (Plymouth).—Perhaps.

"PROMETHEUS" (Manchester) wants to know about the London and Continental Agency (59 and 61, New Oxford Street), as he doubts their *bona fides* and their ability to find him a situation. Have any other readers any experience of the firm? For the present we should advise our correspondent to keep his 10s. Jim Crow returns his compliment with interest.

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You cannot do better than select something which will be both useful and ornamental. Jewellery is always an acceptable gift whatever form it takes, and also small silver-ware—useful for both ladies and gentlemen.

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" 12 " " " 7 "
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H. T. W. (Hammersmith).—We really cannot give the *Daily Telegraph* a biscuit for calling a "window-cleaner" a "widow-cleaner." There are limits to our good nature.

H. G. W. (London) and others.—It sounds like a dishonest game of poker when we have a heading in a newspaper, "Four Kings and Three Queens to Meet To-morrow," and an article beginning "four queens and three kings will meet at luncheon." It might be our luck to meet them with four aces. The *People* must certainly have a biscuit for stating that the Emperor has invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to visit him and the Empress in Germany last year. But our tin is very empty.

C. P. (St. Ann's Road, N.).—Silly.

J. D. P. (Chelsea).—Several people have sent us that silly cutting. Thanks all the same.

A. A. (St. John's Wood).—Will you kindly leave us alone? We are very tired of your incessant correspondence about nothing. We hope a burglar will visit your house very soon.

F. W. R. (Norwich) disagrees with Mr. Tillett's views about Australian hospitality. Perhaps Mr. Tillett was unfortunate.

F. B. (Parkhurst Road).—Hoch! but you are a little bit late.

A. W. (Tonbridge).—Everybody is sending us in that cutting about the widow-cleaner.

J. McK. (Govan).—You deserve to be decorated.

F. T. R. (Wimbledon).—We will inquire into the matter.

W. G. P. (Islington).—What a large circulation the *People* must have. We are getting that cutting by every post.

"Strong Man" (Cowden Heath) is in trouble. For over three years he was connected with the Salvation Army—presumably in the Insurance department. Now he represents another office, and the staff of the Army "are making his life nearly unbearable." In one house he was called "a fraud" and "a cheat." If he can fix any such slanderous statement upon the Army officials, he can sue them for slander; but we advise him to ignore them, stick to his work, and live up to his *nom de plume*.

G. W. (London).—We are dealing with the Lottery circular. What artful dogs.

"Discipulo" (Bradford).—Thanks for letter and papers relating to the donkey lottery. If so many people are prepared to give the blind hawker presents, would not it be cheaper for them to club together and buy him the animal, without committing a breach of the Lottery Acts by selling these tickets?

"Tozafe" (Gunnersbury), with many other readers, has had a great shock from our Limerick supplement. He agrees with us in regarding most of the lines sent in as unspeakable drivel, but, unhappily, he has caught the complaint himself, and breaks out as follows:—

Your supplement safely to hand,
Another dose no one could stand,
The lines are so rotten
From weak minds begotten,
Their perusal has left me unmann'd.

"One in the Line" (Cork) thinks he has caught us napping in our reference to Paderewski's wife. Our correspondent says: "Surely he is a widower." But did not he marry a second time a few years ago, and was not the second Mrs. P. the Baroness de Rosen? He also queries our law respecting the servant girl who recently came to grief through high-heeled boots and is good enough to tell us that compensation cases are never tried before juries. If, however, he refers to the report of this particular case he will find that "Judge Selfe, the jury, and the legal representatives of both sides went and inspected the carpet" where the fair Phyllis fell. This world is full of opportunities for acquiring knowledge, if only people are not too clever to avail themselves of them.

F. D. (London).—Circumstances alter cases.

J. G. (Dalston).—We are not in a position to advise you.

A. R. C. (Leeds) says a good word for the Electrical Engineer Institute, which he says is spoken highly of by Edison himself.

F. M. (Dalston).—We will get a set of the books and let you know what we think of them.

"Cricket" (Hants).—We believe Samuda's Limerick to be honestly conducted, but we take no responsibility upon ourselves in regard to other people's Limerick schemes. We have had quite enough trouble with our own.

G. S. (West Hampstead).—Your suggestion shall receive consideration in connection with our new numbering scheme.

F. T. H. (Putney) says it is the drivers, and not the conductors, of the trams and 'buses who want permission to smoke.

O. H. A. (London).—Thanks for information respecting the Kenilworth parson's "call." "What a call was there, my countrymen!"

G. W. (London).—Thanks for interesting specimen of lottery circular.

F. A. B. (Bristol).—What on earth did they laugh about? We never read such rot before.

We have received a copy of the *New Barnet Literary Magazine*. For people who like this kind of thing, this is probably just the sort of thing that they will like. Can we say more—or less?

C. C. G. (Paddington) has had a rather complicated dispute with a cycle dealer about the carriage of a machine. We gather from his letter that he will have a fairly good case if the matter is taken into the County Court, but we would remind him of Sir Henry Hawkins' advice to have as little as possible to do with the law.

AN unknown friend has been trying to pull our leg. He sends us page 5 of the *Daily News* for November 1, and informs us that the whole of it was reprinted in the issue of November 2. In order to induce us to award a biscuit, he encloses pages 5 and 6 of the *Daily News* for November 2. Both pages are marked in blue pencil, but up to the time of going to press we have been unable to discover that any portion was reprinted. If our correspondent had not been so modest, we would have awarded him a biscuit.

H. J. S. (Rotherhithe).—We are considering your suggestion, but our space is limited.

"READER OF J. B." (Portsea).—We are not a Court of Appeal *re* Limerick competitions, nor do we know of any other paper likely to publish your complaint. But our sympathy and good wishes are at your disposal.

W. S. (North Finchley) sends us a page containing a number of advertisements offering to sell Limerick lines. We agree that there are a number of foolish people in the world.

J. B. T. (Liverpool).—We suppose that *Ideas* must be a Tariff-Reform Organ, judging by its arithmetic. But we will look inside the tin.

F. A. (Brixton).—We can't see it even with a magnifying-glass.

A. B. (Manchester).—If your line was identical, we should think you could recover.

C. H. H. (Johannesburg) criticises the South African policy of Mr. Gladstone. We have read his letter with great interest.

G. N. (Germiston; Transvaal).—It was silly of the *Rand Daily Mail* to call Mrs. Showers an ex-commissioner of police and to allude to her as one of "these gentlemen," but the sexes are getting terribly mixed up in these days of Suffragettes.

E. W. S. (Dulwich).—We must give Lord Northcliffe a rest, but 70,000 plates do seem rather a large order for 850 guests, even allowing for breakages.

E. A. W. (Streatham).—It certainly sounds silly to tell people in the November number of a magazine that they must post their puzzles by October 28, but no doubt the magazine was post-dated.

"BITTITS" (Manchester).—It certainly would take a long time to collect 200,000 coupons out of a newspaper.

H. S. (Manchester) objects to our criticising Socialists, and desiring bishops to be called by their proper titles. But we always try to be accurate.

"SWAGGY" (Langport) objects to a remark made by Vivian about the "rottenness of Australians," and wants us to punch his head. Why not do it himself, instead of inciting us to commit a breach of the peace, not to mention exposing ourselves to danger? He goes on to say: "The remark appears to have been made by a bigoted blusterer who judges Australians by the unholy samples, such as Deakin, who come over here to advertise themselves by acting the goat." He says the true Australian, who stays quietly at home and loves and honours the dear old mother country, is different indeed to the noisy folk who come over here. Of course, Vivian was not alluding to those nice people, but to the others. So now we are all agreed. "Swaggy" kindly makes some very polite remarks about ourselves, and invites us to join him in a kangaroo chase. When do we start?

E. U. (Ryde) sends us a poem beginning "I am the spade." There is nothing like calling things by their right name.

M. E. (Holborn Circus) sends us the following quotation from the *Daily Express*: "An artillery officer has disappeared mysteriously from the barracks at Pembroke Docks. A girl, who will give no account of herself, has appeared mysteriously at Cambridge." Quite a transformation scene.

"LOWESTOFT."—What pretty pictures! We wish we could grin like that.

F. H. J. (Aston).—We should not like to say that influence does not count a little in regard to Second Division clerkships—as in everything else—but theoretically, at any rate, the appointments are regulated by examination.

"PALETTE."—We know nothing about the "Practical Correspondence College," of Thanet House, Strand, but advise you to be extremely cautious in dealing with institutions of this kind.

A. E. B. (St. Margaret's).—We will consider your suggestion.

J. E. (Edinburgh) and "DOUBTS" (Aldershot).—We have no special information relating to the International Correspondence Schools, 57-60, Chancery Lane. As we have before observed, and, strange as it may sound, we do not know everything. We, however, advise caution in dealing with all institutions of this kind.

"A THOROUGH BULLITE" (Wellington).—Thanks for compliments and biscuit.

F. V. M. B. (Walthamstow) bought a watch two and a half years ago from Messrs. Saqui and Lawrence with a three years' warranty. It has been continually going wrong, and whenever he has taken it back, he has been charged for repairs on the ground that they did not guarantee against breakages. We suppose it depends upon the exact wording of the warranty, but F. V. M. B. seems to have some ground for complaint.

With reference to our recent reply respecting Messrs. Curtis, Gardner and Co., Ltd., of King's House, King Street, Cheapside, we find we were in error in expressing the belief that there had been some comment on the firm in our contemporary *Truth*.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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HENRY BROWN, 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Claims of the Mother-in-Law.

Every year the old custom grows less universal of families uniting on Christmas Day and shutting themselves up in their own stronghold, without the added presence of even their most intimate friends. We want to enjoy ourselves at Christmas time, and, alack and alas! to be surrounded by one's "ain folk" alone is not always the most certain means of achieving the desired end. Tradition is such a mighty power, that possibly a good deal of family antagonism may be traced originally to that cause. For instance, in England, it seems to be taken for granted that a mother and daughter-in-law will soon be at daggers drawn; even more is it expected that a man and his mother-in-law will be burdens in each other's lives. In France, now, tradition is the other way. When a girl marries, her mother does not expect to lose a daughter but to gain a new son, and although human nature is the same everywhere, in a vast number of cases this happy expectation of the French mother-in-law is fulfilled. After all, why suppose that a man shall instinctively conceive an antipathy towards the lady whose example and precept have resulted in evolving a girl whom the young man thinks—or assuredly thought once—to be the very ideal of all womanhood? Surely the sentiment expressed by Edgar Allan Poe in the sonnet that he wrote to his mother-in-law is not only more charming but more natural:

"My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its own soul-life."

The American Walking-Skirt.

How very desirable it is that a really short skirt shall be donned on thoroughly wet days. We are far from having arrived at the practical method of the go-ahead American girl, whose "rainy-day" skirt reaches only a little more than half-way between her knees and ankles. It is there met by high boots, and thus clad, the young woman looks smart, and can brave the mud and slosh of the streets with impunity. How admirable would such a costume be on dirty winter days for the vast army of clerks and other working girls who leave their homes every morning! As it is, skirts in England are never worn much above the ankles, and she will, indeed, be a courageous member of her sex who endeavours to introduce American "rainy-day" skirts into this conservative old country.

Art in the Home.

One cannot usually obtain much daylight in one's rooms at this time in London, but there is much that may be done to increase the illumination. Heavy hangings for bed, window, and door should be things of the past, and in their stead should be placed quaint cretonne or soft silks. White doors, white wainscots, white friezes, will make a sombre room a gay and bright one. There will be many who will say that a white door shows every finger-mark upon it, and that, in this drab town of ours, white paint will retain its freshness only for a very short time. Here is a way in which such evils may be very readily removed. Make a little whitening into a paste, and rub it on gently with an old, soft rag. When the paste has dried the door will look as if it had been newly painted.

The Hipless Figure.

The up-to-date woman to be fashionably gowned in the new cylindrical frock must needs grow slight of form. She must sip lemon juice, and take two Turkish baths a week. She must stand instead of sit at her meals; also her loved cup of tea must be quite sugarless, and very long walks will have to be taken every day. The hipless figure is accompanied by a new walk. The swinging stride is not at all the thing for the new skirt, for the gowns are to be well on the ground, and therefore a little forward kick with the toe must be given to prevent tripping.

Bernard Shaw and Typists.

That eminent Socialist and pushful playwright, George Bernard Shaw, has been lecturing to an assembly of feminine typewriters. Amongst other things he told them that if they knew their business they would all be Socialists to-morrow. I beg to differ. Whatever Socialism may do for the unskilled labourer in putting him on the same

economic level as the highly skilled worker, there is no doubt that women would have a very poor time. Instead of the honoured position she now holds as daughter, sweetheart, wife and mother, woman would be a mere chattel of the State. If she did not appeal to a man sufficiently to induce him to take her into the Socialistic equivalent for marriage, she would be a labourer of the State without hope for the future and without prospect of obtaining amelioration of her wrongs. If anyone doubts this, let them read the new book, "The Master Beast," which gives a lurid picture of life as it would be lived under Socialistic conditions, especially as it concerns women.

PREPARING FOR THE DANCE SEASON.

The days fly past so rapidly that before we know where we are invitations to Christmas festivities, balls and dances, will be pouring in upon us—or so we fondly hope! Then, of course, will arise the burning question—"what shall I wear?" Well, if you want to be in the height of fashion this year—and why should you not?—be careful to have your evening gowns made to shine, to sparkle! This is the characteristic feature of all the season's best models. Do not think that you must necessarily gleam from head to foot like a pantomime fairy—a mere touch of glitter suffices to render the gown up-to-date. I have seen quite a number of the simplest tulle and chiffon, frocks made in various pretty, yet decidedly commonplace styles, redeemed and rendered *chic* by a broad swathed waist-belt of gold or silver tissue, and a touch of the same substance introduced around the *decolletage*. Thus, any girl who is clever with her fingers might do worse than set to work at once to embroider herself a net or tulle bodice with gleaming pearls, sequins, or beads of dainty hue. Such work is being largely employed on the smartest of French models, though where time and trouble—and consequently expense—is not considered at all, the front of the skirt and a deep border around the ample train is also lavishly embroidered. It needs a very light hand for working upon these fragile materials satisfactorily, for if they look at all soiled or crushed their whole charm has departed. The totally inexperienced should make a beginning by touching up the design of a lace collar, or a few yards of insertion, by means of gold thread, beads, sequins, or aught else shiney that fancy dictates. Tiny gilt or silver tassels can be purchased at drapers'—or even made at home—that look sweet if fixed into the centre of lace flowers. But before you start on such an undertaking, dear girls, listen to sage advice. Do not sit too long at a time over such delicate workmanship; it is too trying for your own bright orbs. A ball dress, however charming, is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but the misfortune of failing eye-sight will be ever with you.

WOMAN'S CROWNING BEAUTY.

The arrangement of the hair particularly demands careful attention when evening dress is donned. A great deal of adornment is permitted this year—wreaths, bows, ospreys—in fact, plumes of all sorts and sizes. Of course, tinsel flowers are to the fore. One really fascinating wreath made of this material represented ripe oats, the loose hanging grains gleaming and shimmering with every movement of the wearer's head. Still, nothing can really surpass the beauty of a well-tended mass of hair, and, fortunately, the average English woman is not ill-endowed in this direction. We do not, however, fully appreciate the art of arraying our locks, neither do we treat them as healthily as do the women of some other countries. French and Spanish women of quite the working-classes have their hair most beautifully dressed by a professional *coiffeur* every day of their lives, paying him a small weekly sum for his services. But then they do not hide this elegance under a hat when they go out, being apparently impervious to the heat of the sun upon their heads. But such indifference is easily acquired. The girls in all the big colleges of America go about the University grounds quite hatless, summer and winter alike. A very illustrious lady who likewise followed this idea was the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. She would walk out at Cromer—as elsewhere—with merely a parasol as a protection from the sun, and carrying a large red fan for further concealing her face when she so desired. Her hair was reported to be magnificent when unbound.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
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SEE PAGE 1

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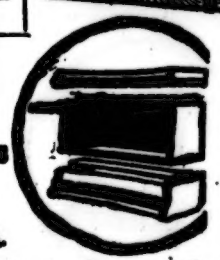

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

Racing Blood.

Gully, the trainer, is a nephew of Arthur Yates.

Ours is a Hundred.

Forty per cent. of all the stakes in Belgium are open international races.

We Know too Well.

How many winners that we miss have we backed the "last time they ran?"

Son Beating Father.

The stock of Ajax is astoundingly good, and, as a sire the horse looks like eclipsing his own projenitor, Flying Fox'

More Wrong 'Uns than Others.

The way the defaulting bookmakers speak of not paying their clients is that they "knock" them.

"The" Unlucky Berth.

Everybody in racing would far sooner be last than second—be they owners, trainers, jockeys, or backers.

Two Classes.

In South African racing for horses and galloways they have events for what are termed top-weights and bottom-weights.

At Newbury, Too.

Notice how at certain meetings, particularly Windsor, there is a different set of occasional members, almost every time.

True!

When horses break down in front they can be patched up and kept pottering along for years, but lameness behind is invariably beyond remedy.

Luck!

How often we backers are undecided as to what to do, in which case it is absolutely a matter of luck whom we chance to meet as the turning point.

Their Victoria Club.

South African race-cards set out, among the conditions of the meeting, the date upon which settling will take place in the following week, and where.

Name?

Who is the bookmaker who invariably writes to anyone, as soon as he has won £20 from him, that he doesn't want his custom—but that of "mugs"?

Notice it.

When young horses in maiden hurdle races get behind others during the running and hear the "rattle" of the timber, they invariably dwell and stare about them.

Free Trade.

Every race in England, either on the flat or jumping, is open to horses bred, owned, or trained in any country in the world. The reciprocation is not equivalent.

Two View Points.

If one is resident in a provincial town, how differently you look upon racing compared to the case of being merely a "regular" visitor to the district.

We All Do It.

How backers invariably "zigzag," and are on certain trainers, jockeys and horses the wrong time during an afternoon. They "miss" them when they win, but row in when they are losers.

Quite a Business.

Bloodstock shipped to Australia must have a sworn declaration before a magistrate by the owner or the seller, accompanied by a veterinary certificate of health granted within two days of shipment.

Superstitions.

The fact that Mr. O'Brien Butler lost a silver locket in his fall in the last Grand National calls attention to the fact that almost every jockey wears some such "lucky charm"—usually a locket round his neck or a bracelet on his arm. It is only further evidence of how superstitious ALL racing folk are—even those most closely and actively engaged.

For South Africa.

At the moment I am open to buy three horses; a real good handicapper at a cost of £700 to £800, a useful plater for £200 to £300, and a "cheap" one at about a century, all for exportation. They must be three or four years only, and not geldings, perfectly sound, and able to stay a mile, as proved by their RECENT form. And, above all, at fair—not fancy—prices.

'Ware the Pretender.

Most backers know the telegraphic address of "Plastering, London," which hides the identity of Mr. W. H. Saunders, for so many years a leading member of the Beaufort and Albert Clubs. It is not unnatural, therefore, that Mr. Saunders should desire it to be universally known that he has no connection with any other commission agent of like name, or any business except that conducted by him at the Beaufort Club. It is the usual plan for non-paying firms to adopt a good man's name.

Another "Deal."

I have also recently received a request from a buyer in Buenos Ayres to export to that country a three or four-year-old useful handicap horse, able to contest, with a fair chance of success, what are termed their "classic" races, the whole series of which close for the ensuing year during next month. Although I am able to go to the extent of £1,500 for a suitable animal, my correspondent is by no means a bad judge, as he particularly named that he would like to have Land League, who won the Cambridgeshire whilst his letter was in transit.

Prophetic.

The immediately future racing is not important, although Windsor at this week-end must be of some interest. Despite his being really badly handicapped, I suppose many backers dare not miss JUDAS if he contests the Clewer Steeplechase; but the "good thing" of the meeting is

VENETIAN

for Saturday's Christmas Handicap. His stable-companion, PLAYFUL OCEAN, will also go close among the three-year-olds.

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In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.—ADVT.

Fashion has again brought Sherry, the Royal Wine of Spain, into the front rank, the principal reasons being, the example of the King of Spain, the fact that Sherry is the most economical of all Wines, as it does not deteriorate in the decanter, and that it is the best value for the price paid of any wine.—[ADVT.]

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